THE SURVEY

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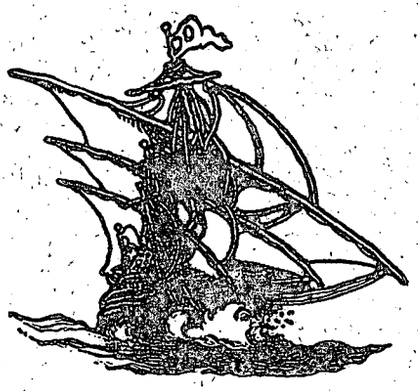

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John Collier

SEA ISLAND FREEDMEN
Rossa B. Cooley

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paging wrong. Bind as laid.

A Queer Human Kink

WHAT strange bundles of contradictions we all are! We tell each other earnestly that health is one of the most precious things in life—and yet what do we do to keep it, to protect it? It's a queer kink in human nature, isn't it, to *think* one way and *act* just the opposite!

The Harm of Self-Diagnosis

You know how idle people love to talk over symptoms and recklessly recommend all sorts of cure-all remedies. Have you ever been dragged into a "piazza clinic"? Aunt Mary will tell Cousin Jane: "I think I have the same kind of trouble that Caroline has. I wish you would get me the prescription Dr. Banks gave her."

What a tremendous amount of harm is done by these attempts at self-diagnosis! Here is an example: A prominent man made up his mind that he was eating too much meat and heroically put himself on a strict diet. Sometime later, he was taken ill. His doctor astonished him by saying that while most men of his age would have benefited by doing what he had done, his case was an exception and that *lack* of meat caused the trouble.

How Long Do You Want To Live?

Just so long as you are well and happy? Good! —but suppose you keep right on living long after you have ceased to be well! Take your own family—some relative who has been a semi-invalid for years. The poor soul needs all the sympathy and love that you can give.

Look ahead. You may be exactly like that—a burden to yourself and to others.

Stop right here and think about it.

You would not treat your car as you treat yourself. You constantly test the steering gear and the brake bands. You make sure that bolts are tight. You listen to the motor for the faintest "knock". You are careful about the fuel mixture—it must not be too rich nor too lean or the engine will not pull properly.

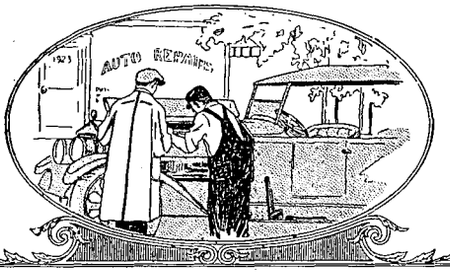
But do you know whether the food—the "fuel mixture"—that you give your own body is too rich or too lean? You can replace parts of your car that are damaged or worn-out—but you can't replace a worn-out heart, an abused stomach, an over-worked liver or frayed nerves.

Years Alone Do Not Age Us

The physical changes ascribed to age may be due to poison, infection, wrong food or emotional strain, principally worry. And these things are in large degree under our own control.

Go to your wisest adviser, your own good friend, your Doctor, within the next few days, and have a *thorough* examination. If you are well, you will be glad to have his O. K. And if he finds some slight defect, be thankful that it can be corrected in time—before it becomes serious.

Begin the New Year right!



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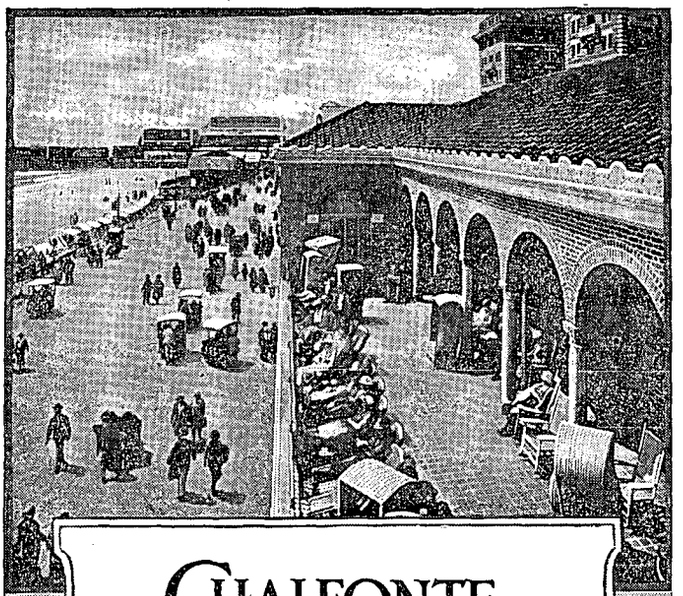

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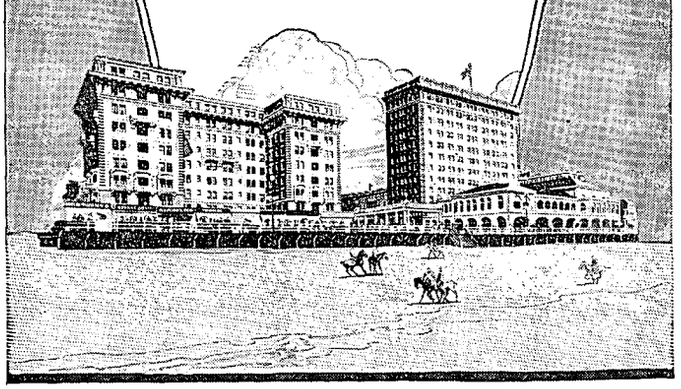

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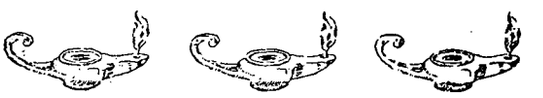

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Among Ourselves

THE weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas are red letter weeks in the Survey office—for every morning's mail brings its sheaf of membership cards—renewals and pledges of cooperating and sustaining subscriptions, contributions to general and special funds. The ranks of Survey Associates are strengthened by new accessions in response to our annual statement and invitation to readers. Backing, all of it, for the year's work.

And along with the money come letters—from Massachusetts and the Far West—from plantation homes in the Gulf region, city dwellers in the North. We shall venture to quote from some of them from time to time—comment, criticism, suggestion of the sort that counts and of a sort that makes us feel that The Survey is more than what a soured public official once called it—"a mendicant sheet."

HERE are a few such letters which have to deal with The Survey Midmonthly. It was a hazard a year ago, to telescope our weekly issues into a twice a month schedule. The experiment has more than justified itself. The outcome has hung no more on the Graphic with its magazine format than on the Midmonthly. This brought within the compass of sixty-four pages those budgets of experience, discussion, proposal which on the one hand has distinguished The Survey from the other weeklies, and on the other hand, had, like so many facets, afforded points of contact between special fields of social or civic work, each with its specialized journal but all needing friction and interplay with kindred groups. The Survey Midmonthly is the distlilation of twenty years' experience. And old friends and new take their pens in hand and write. As thus:

From the executive secretary of a New England Council of Social Agencies:

Just having run through the December Graphic and bearing in mind the November Midmonthly and your announcements of good things to come, I feel compelled to write you that The Survey this year seems the best that it has been in all the twenty years that it has been coming to my desk.

If you can spare two or three extra copies of these last two numbers I will place them personally in the hands of people who ought to be subscribers.

OTTO W. DAVIS.

From the director of Community Welfare of Evansville, Indiana:

I have been so impressed with the last issue of the Survey, I thought I ought to write you about it. The Midmonthly of November 15 meets my idea almost exactly of what The Survey might do toward helping local organizations educate the community as to the needs of welfare work. The articles on "Maladjustment" by Lindeman for example and the one on "Changing Case Work," are very valuable. They are both interesting and worth reading by every member of a board of directors and by the general public as well as by case workers. Then there is an article under Health on "Back to the Parents," that I think is very fine. Other discussions under "The Common Welfare," touch on the local problems as we are meeting them. I find myself wishing that many of our people were subscribers that they might receive this one issue. LEET B. MYERS.

From a Vancouver subscriber now at Undine Camp, Call Creek, British Columbia:

Since October 1, I have been receiving only the magazine numbers—my last Midmonthly being the issue of September 15. May I ask you to look into it as I do so enjoy all the numbers, especially since coming up here where our nearest neighbors are two and four miles away, respectively. The Survey makes one neighbor to the world. . . .

GERTRUDE DAWSON.

From the former superintendent of the Ohio Girls' Industrial School:

Dear Survey Folks,

I have just at hand your splendid Midmonthly, and am very pleased with the things you say in connection with the Ohio political situation. You have, in former numbers, been so fair and accurate in handling the difficult and unhappy situation I was forced into, that much of my "black-and-blueness" was removed, and the life of a welfare worker still seemed endurable, and even desirable. Now this number is especially timely, as I have just finished the first "swing around the circle," speaking for the Federation of Women's Clubs at all the District Conferences, and also for many mixed organizations in all parts of Ohio, on welfare work in connection with delinquent girls. I have spoken at twenty places in about six weeks, and have been surprised, as well as delighted, with the wonderful friendliness everywhere, and with the sincere desire to help in the great cause of welfare education. There seem to have to be sacrifices in all forward movements, and if I may be allowed to pay for this advance in Ohio's political readjustment, I feel honored instead of disgraced. . . . M. E. STANNARD.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

MR. TANNENBAUM (p. 318) came fresh in mid-December from south of the Rio Grande, where he had gone under commission from The Survey to gather material for our forthcoming Mexican number. This will match the earlier Graphics on Ireland and Russia.

MR. BEYER (p. 311) is a member of the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc. What more he stands for as a pioneer among technicians who are collaborating with the unions is told in our editorial columns (p. 353).

MANY of those who read sadly of the recent death of William Channing Gannett recall the earnest and successful protest which he headed last year against the exclusion of Negroes from the Freshman dormitories of Harvard College. Fewer realize that it was more than sixty years ago, when he himself was a youth just out of Harvard, that he started translating the faith of abolitionist New England into work with and for the Negroes. He was one of the little band of Northerners who went to St. Helena Island early in the sixties to share with the black folk their new, perplexing freedom, which Miss Cooley has interpreted so luminously (p. 340).

THE BRITISH GUILDS, for a century or more, have been the special province of the historians—materials of the epoch of Dick Whittington and his cat. It remained for Mr. Bing to essay the role of prophet with respect to them—or rather with respect to their modern post-war incarnation. This he did in an article in the first issue of Survey Graphic—October, 1921. Now, at the end of two years, he too, drops into the role of historian: many of his prophecies turned true. He brought to his task of appraisal in both instances long experience on the one hand as a practical builder in New York, and on the other, as labor negotiator and student. His "Wartime Strikes and Their Adjustment" remains the authoritative interpretation of that most dynamic period of industrial relations.

MR. MACKAYE is the holder of a fellowship in Poetry and Drama at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, the object of which is creative: hence his mountain trip with its specific end in view—(p. 326), a group of plays concerning the Kentucky mountaineers in their distinctive mode of life and speech. This Fine-Pretty World, the first of them, (to be produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, this holiday season), gives the name to Mr. MacKaye's volume of plays to be issued by Macmillan. Interestingly enough, Benton MacKaye, brother of the dramatist, formerly a forester in the United States conservation service, has long dreamed of an Appalachian Trail that shall be one continuous footpath from Mt. Katahdin in Maine down to Georgia.

WHAT can we possibly make of the cloud-figures, blown up by publicity, that hang on the European horizon? "It is only when one hears," writes Mr. Hackett, "by way of example, how childish the foreign minister of a Great Power can really be, refusing to go to work at Lausanne until they brought him his silver and alabaster ink-stand, that one can understand how European business is actually done, and by what regular human beings." That is why Mr. Hackett's articles in The Survey Graphic have charmed by their candor as well as by their freightage of social information—his handling in October of Mussolini and the popular ferment throughout Italy; his portrayal in December of Nansen and his robust Samaritanism; his intimate sidelights in this issue on the secretariat of the League of Nations (p. 321).

THERE ARE FEW TRAVELLERS from abroad who do not bring back harrowing stories of what life means to the children of central Europe. But in the midst of the breakdown of systems of record which has followed the war, we have been at a loss to interpret generally their need in terms which we can understand and on which an intelligent and widespread plan of relief can be based. Coincident with the return of their relief workers to Germany, the Quakers have asked Dr. Haven Emerson to swing through the circle of German industrial cities from Berlin to the Ruhr collecting substantiated facts, checking them with his own expert observation, interpreting them with the authority of his special experience in the examination of children and in the estimation of a community's assets and liabilities in health. Dr. Emerson sailed on December 15.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, Margaret Bondfield, Frank Hodges, Arthur Greenwood — these names and more of the same sort at the head of the poll of the British Labour Party in the recent election are familiar to Survey readers. Their bearers have contributed manuscripts and interviews to our pages. They take us back especially to Arthur Gleason's series of articles when he spent the first year of peace in England for Survey Associates, on a special mission to gather up and exhibit the forces at work in reconstruction. He interpreted the work and prophecy of progressive employers, public officials with vision and especially of those men and women of the labor movement who had been thrown to the front by their native leadership and their courage to stand for a cause when it cost them misrepresentation and obloquy. Mr. Gleason's forecasts are coming true.

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A RAILWAY SHOP MAN

Work Portrait by Lewis W. Hine

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JANUARY 1, 1924

Volume LI
No. 7

B & O Engine 1003

By OTTO S. BEYER, Jr.

WHEN Engine 1003 rolled out of the Glenwood repair shop of the Baltimore and Ohio last September, it became the symbol in the eyes of management and men of a new and auspicious development in American railroading. Engine 1003 had been reconstructed and this was the outward and visible sign in a reconstruction of the attitudes of management and men toward one another. It demonstrated that collective bargaining between a railroad administration and the standard shopcraft unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor affords a sound basis for effective cooperative production.

The railroad strike of 1922 was primarily a protest by the shop-men's unions against what they believed was a conspiracy of a powerful group of railroad executives to destroy their independent voluntary organizations. Unfortunately, this strike, not unlike many a heaven-sent adversity, had to be visited upon railroad managements, good, bad and indifferent, as judged by organized labor standards. Among the good was the Baltimore and Ohio, whose executives could by no stretch of the imagination be accused of having designs upon the independent unions. Months before the shopmen's strike started, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio, had agreed with William H. Johnston, president of the International Association of Machinists, that full freedom of organization might logically be expected to release the fundamental interest of the men and their unions in the development of good, economical, efficient railroad service. Upon Mr. Johnston's presentation, he had agreed to join with the unions in a cooperative program for the elimination of waste, betterment of shop operating methods, and the stabilization of employment. The strike halted the plan. But the vision that had inspired it, also inspired presidents Willard and Johnston, together with S. Davies Warfield, president of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, and B. M. Jewell, president of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, to hasten the adjustment of the strike. Thus the situation was saved for the development of the plan.

AS soon as the hangovers of the strike on the Baltimore and Ohio were cleared away, conversations were resumed looking to the start of cooperation between the management and the federated shopcraft unions. The first and obvious thought was to select a shop where the best of relations obtained, where the chances of success would be greatest. But the strike, coming as it did on top of a long series of misunderstandings at Glenwood, further aggravated difficulties there which it proved impossible to remedy by conventional procedure. Glenwood is in the Pittsburgh district. It is one of three major Baltimore and Ohio locomotive repair shops. When fully manned it employs about 1,300 men. Production there, quality of work, morale, had sunk to extremely low levels. When operating economies were imperative, the management had always shut Glenwood down first and kept it closed longest. Glenwood cried aloud for a new dispensation. Not without sober misgivings on the part of the union representatives, it was agreed to select Glenwood as the place to set the new cooperation at work.

So at Glenwood in February, 1923, the men gathered nightly in their union meeting rooms to hear their chosen officers and technical advisors explain the new program in detail. The local management had previously been advised, in conference with the system representatives of the shopmen and the various department heads of the railroad, of the plans for Glenwood. The final step necessary to

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local understanding then became a conference between the local shop committee, representing Baltimore and Ohio Local Shop Federation No. 10, and the local management. This was arranged, the new idea thoroughly discussed, and an approach towards the establishment of cooperation worked out.

AS the engineer retained by the shop crafts to guide this development, it was, among other things, my duty in conjunction with the Superintendent of Shops and the members of the local federated shop committee to survey conditions in and around the shop. First it became necessary to clear up, as rapidly as possible, prevailing misunderstandings between management and men, unsettled grievances, and so to reestablish confidence. For example, among the men were some who, because of their past activities and attitudes, were, in the opinion of the management, troublemakers whose services were not desirable. Instead, however, of being discharged as would ordinarily have happened, these men were invited to attend a conference between the shop committee and the management. They then had explained to them the new policy of cooperation in production and stabilization of employment and were invited to assume their part in the new game. The result has been that twenty otherwise able men, having years of service to their credit on the Baltimore and Ohio, were saved for their shop and railroad, and perhaps for themselves and their families. Offered a constructive outlet for his energies, the aggressive individual in a shop organization nine times out of ten will use it. There has been no complaint concerning these men since.

Beyond the difficulties in the realm of mutual confidence, the survey referred to covered the shortcomings of the plant in respect to work control, manufacturing processes, material supply and condition of tools and equipment. Nothing so directly affects quality of work in a railroad repair shop as the condition of tools. They express the esteem in which good workmanship is held. They are the gages of morale. One of the first steps in cooperation at Glenwood was to go over the small tools, scrap the unfit, repair the cripples, supply new ones where needed. The men, through their union representatives, unafraid to make suggestions, joined vigorously with the management in straightening out the small tool situation. Among other things, an additional tool distributing room was set up in the boiler shop to save killing time, through running about. Better tools and better organization of the tool supply quickly resulted in better workmanship.

Similar steps were taken to better the supply of stocks of material so as to make unnecessary the robbing of one locomotive of parts to complete another; to better coordination of work, and to better quality of work by organizing a special crew to "break in" locomotives ready to leave the shop. All of these developments derived their inspiration from the mutual policy of cooperation and the resultant collective will to rehabilitate the reputation of Glenwood.

These step-by-step improvements went forward to the accompaniment of a consistent campaign of education through discussion in the fortnightly meetings of the local union lodges and the monthly meetings of the entire shop federation. Here were regular union meetings, ordinarily held for the purpose of formulating grievances and discussing matters of special concern to the men as craftsmen, converted to the discussion and debate of cooperation, waste and economy in production, organization of work, stabilization of employment. Away from the clamorous atmosphere in which locomotive repair work must be done, in his lodge room where the union man feels thoroughly at home, conditions are ideal for the consideration of constructive shop problems, provided, of course, fundamental reasons exist to engage his interest in such problems. The availability of these regular meetings, which are integral to the trade union tradition, thus proves of basic importance in the larger adaptation of independently organized labor to the service of industry. The fact that production, workmanship, job analysis, tool requirements, material supply are increasingly in discussion at lodge meetings of Glenwood shopmen is tangible evidence that the independent trade union lodge is a rich asset to a program of genuine cooperation.

THE new status of the unions in Glenwood Shop and the new recognition consequently accorded the shopmen's representatives is in substance tantamount to a new development in railroad shop administration. As now regarded the unions and especially their contact officers have a constructive or positive purpose to fulfill inside the Glenwood shop in lieu of their purely negative functions of the past when their union was their military base. Cooperation between unions and management means that the unions hereafter have responsibilities to discharge in the direction of the major purpose of the shop, namely, the turning out of locomotives. So, of necessity, do the spokesmen for the workers acquire a distinct and useful position in the administrative machinery of the shop. In fact, they become henceforth a necessary part of the shop administration, on a par in many respects with the shop supervision.

For when the way from the lodge to the shop is an unpoliced way, it readily changes from a picket line to a channel of cooperation. The local committee of the federated shop crafts at Glenwood now sits fortnightly and oftener if necessary, with the Superintendent of Shops to discuss the sug-

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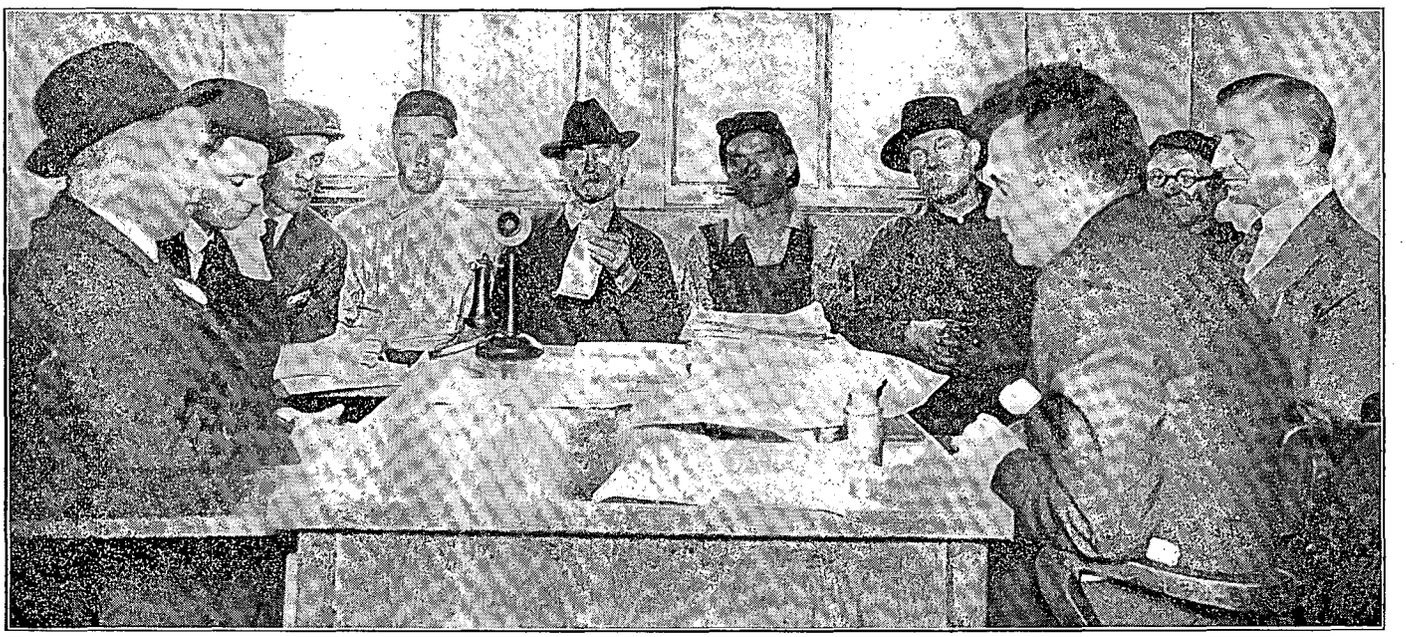
gestions gathered from the rank and file in the shop or threshed over at the union meetings. Minutes of these conferences are kept. The chief of the Shop Method Improvement Bureau attends these conferences. When proposals are agreed upon, he is instructed to put them into effect. The men have their own engineering counsel. Cooperation converted into joint achievement of concrete improvements such as the reorganization of the small tool supply loses its too frequent academic character. The moral effect of having proposals submitted through the men's own organization promptly put into execution has been pronounced.



Bi-weekly conferences are held between the Superintendent of Shops and his staff, the regular Federated Shop Committee and their Engineer

These conferences are between the management and the regular shop committeemen who, under the old scheme of things, served simply as purveyors and adjusters of grievances. New committees are not selected for the new purposes, and advisedly not. The responsibilities of the old men, tried and not found wanting by their constituents, are enlarged, modified, extended. This is of the very essence of the adaptation of collective bargaining trade unions to their larger function of cooperative participation in railroad operation.

It should not be understood, however, that these production problem conferences displace the old time meetings held to adjust grievances. Grievances still arise at Glenwood, but with greatly diminished frequency. When they do arise, both sides recognize that it is imperative that they should be taken up for immediate adjustment, not permitted to go into storage for consideration at some future regular meeting. Thus the new functions of the shop committee do not conflict with the old. If they did, cooperation as practiced at Glenwood would soon lose its vital essence and take on the anaemic complexion of "company unions," "shop cabinets," industrial "senates" and "houses of representatives."

THE two essential conceptions underlying the developments in labor relationships on the Baltimore and Ohio are cooperation between the management and the independent American Federation unions in perfecting methods of production, and equal sharing by the railroad and its employees in the benefits accruing from cooperation. Enthusiasm in improving production would soon turn into wormwood and gall if it resulted in greater instability of employment and a shortened period of work. Intermittent furloughs, and arbitrary layoffs and shutdowns, had had much to do with the old demoralization at Glenwood. Rush jobs today, no work tomorrow, bred a vagrant spirit in the men, shiftlessness in the organization of work in the shop. Why keep tools in condition, stock up with repair parts, or step lively on the job when the whistle might sleep in the morning? This tail-spinning process of degeneration somehow had to be stopped. Fortunately, the situation as it affects the great majority of railroad workers is such that railroad managements can, if they will, do much to provide steadier work. The management of the Baltimore and Ohio has the will; they appreciate that it takes at least two to cooperate, and that unless both pull together to their mutual advantage the common enterprise will not go forward.

The chief item in the work stabilization program so far developed is *doing Baltimore and Ohio work in Baltimore and Ohio shops.* Instead of contract-

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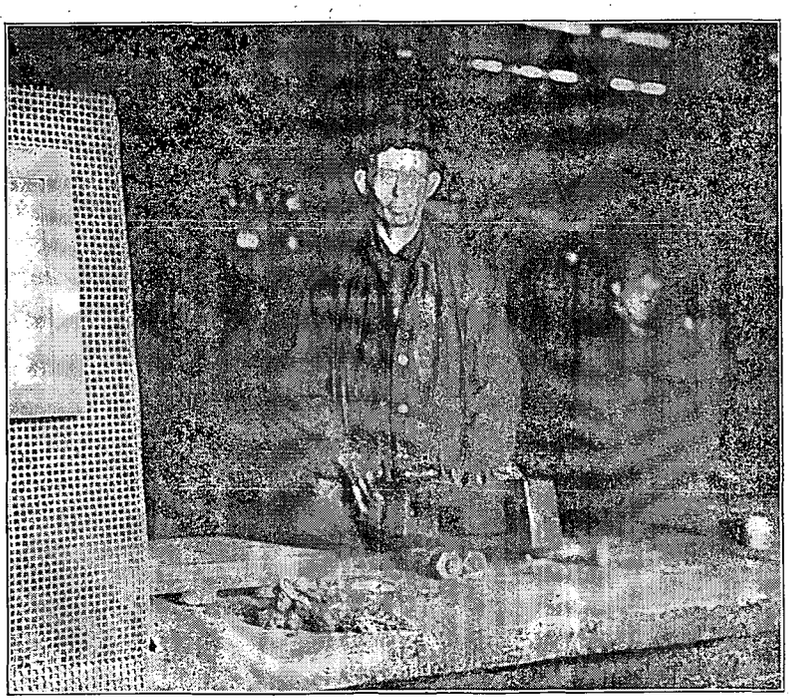
ing out repair work, as many of our railroads so frequently do, the Baltimore and Ohio is organizing necessary repairs into a steady flow to the workmen in its own shops. Some six hundred old locomotives are now in process of modernization. The result is, first, the splendid shop organization, so fully imbued with the spirit of cooperation, is kept together to the obvious benefit of the road; and second, the jobs of thousands of men are stabilized. Incidentally it might be pointed out that on each locomotive so "modernized" actual comparisons with outside company costs have shown that the railroad is several thousand dollars ahead for doing this work itself.

Work on this locomotive modernizing program was actually started last July about four months after the policy of cooperation was established. The first engine turned out at Glenwood was the 1003 completed last September. The interest taken by the men in the work on this engine, the diligence with which they labored, the thoroughness of each and every job done, the fine appearance of the engine when completed, and its service since put into operation, give abundant evidence of the quality of cooperation. Engine 1003 brought home the practical meaning of cooperation to both the railroad management and the shopmen. Engine 1003 is that tangible monument to cooperation which nothing else could possibly be. The railroad gets a fine piece of motive power produced at a great saving in labor and material expense and the men get steadier jobs and the maximum opportunity to make their usefulness and their constructive ability count.

Other steps, also aimed at stabilizing employment, have and are being worked out on the Baltimore and Ohio in keeping with the general program laid down: the brake shoe manufacturing plant at Newark, Ohio, where the railroad now manufactures its own brake shoes instead of purchasing them from outside concerns, again at a saving, while providing steadier work for its employes; the new rolling mill facilities built at Cumberland, Maryland, for turning out engine bolt iron; the direct manufacture of car trucks instead of purchasing them. Such examples as these are part of an ever growing program of "Baltimore and Ohio work in Baltimore and Ohio shops." They make cooperation between Baltimore and Ohio System Federation No. 30 and Baltimore and Ohio Management economically sound.



The link gang posts its group production record showing the daily output per man-hour beside the work bench

It would be wrong to convey the impression that railroad shop work can be completely stabilized by simply concentrating all equipment, maintenance and building work in a railroad's own shops. Other steps are also necessary, such as the creation of repair reserves to apply to periods when income, owing to seasonal and cyclical business inactivities, falls off. A more satisfactory method of budgeting railroad expenses must also be worked out. And eventually, perhaps, before the railroad unemployment problem will be entirely solved, some form of unemployment insurance will have to be developed. But on the Baltimore and Ohio a systematic start has been made in coping with the economic wastes resulting from unstabilized use of equipment maintenance facilities, the most important of which is the working force. Cooperation has made this possible.

LAST May the representatives of the shop crafts on the Baltimore and Ohio entered into negotiations with the management concerning wages and working rules. In these conferences new matters were discussed in relation to the questions at issue. Instead of simply considering living costs and wages paid elsewhere as the basis for adjustments on the Baltimore and Ohio, the major emphasis was on the service shopmen render the railroad, their skill and responsibility, their productivity, and the economy and efficiency with which the shops are being run. Naturally, under a policy of cooperation, one might expect such aspects of the wage and working rule problem as these to come to the front. And sure enough they did.

In many a conference since has this been the case. The tension which usually prevails when wage matters are up for settlement under the ordinary relationship between unions and management gives way to a concern for each other's difficul-

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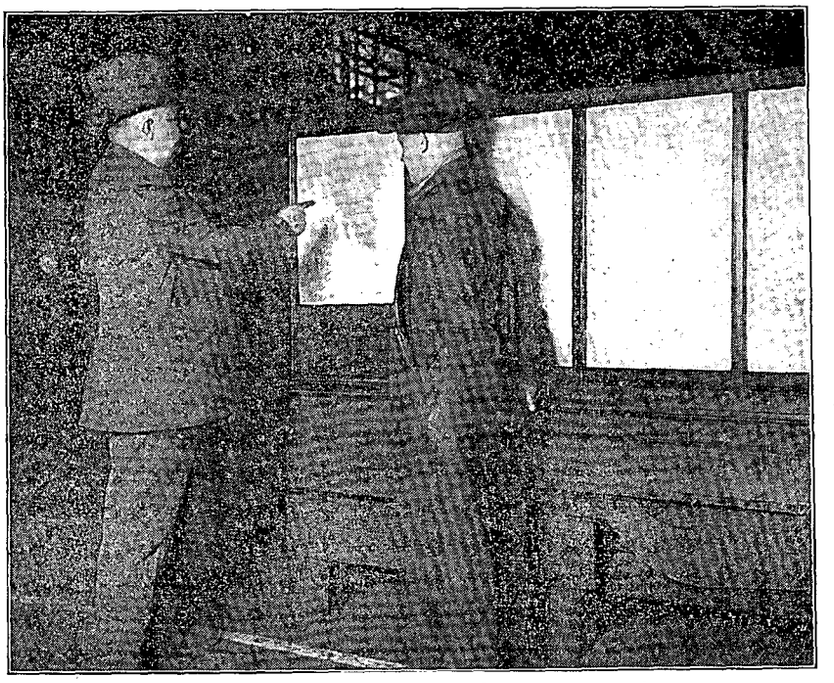
ties. This characteristic of the negotiations with the unions on the Baltimore and Ohio is clearly demonstrated by the way it was agreed that a Labor Board ruling on the payment of twenty minutes for lunch to second and third shift men shall apply under certain special conditions. Had the desire to exact the last pound of flesh prevailed, as it does under ordinary circumstances, then the shopmen would have insisted upon the most rigid application of this ruling. However, on the Baltimore and Ohio they did not do so, simply because cooperation among other things meant a sincere attempt to so interpret working rules that labor costs shall not be unnecessarily or unreasonably increased.

Included in the new agreement negotiated last May, to which reference has just been made, is this preamble:

> The welfare of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its employes is dependent on the service which the railroad renders the public. Improvements in this service and economy in operation and maintenance expenses result chiefly from willing cooperation between the railroad management and the voluntary organizations of its employes. When the groups responsible for better service and greater efficiency share fairly in the benefits which follow their joint efforts, improvements in the conduct of the railroads are greatly encouraged. The parties to this agreement recognize the foregoing principles and agree to be governed by them in their relations.

This in short is the principle which motivates the policy of cooperation on the Baltimore and Ohio. It is in keeping with this principle that the Baltimore and Ohio labor developments are proceeding.



Daily over-all shop performance records are of equal interest to management and men

WHENEVER developments such as those now under way on the Baltimore and Ohio start, the skeptical demand is for results, results, quick results. No matter how severely ill the patient may be, no matter how long he may have violated all rules of health, no matter how bad his past habits, when he is acutely ill, he insists that he must be cured immediately.

The start in applying the policy of cooperation was made at Glenwood during the early spring of 1923. Much mental slash and underbrush had to be cleared away to open a clear path through the woods. The fact that cooperation made possible this very clearing process and reduced to a minimum the differences and issues which kept the local men and management apart is perhaps its greatest achievement to date. Confidence between management and men has been established. Grievances have virtually disappeared as such, the differences arising from time to time being more of the nature of special questions or problems of administration requiring solution or adjustment through conference. The whole conduct of the shop, and especially the day by day relation between employes and superintendence is on a more businesslike basis. Attention is centered on the primary purpose of the plant, namely the manufacture and repair of locomotives.

This fact becomes especially apparent when we consider the interest shown by many of the men in the team or group production and schedule performance records posted daily. A railroad shop, like any other shop, is an aggregation of teams each of which does its special part, makes its own batting record in the game of turning out locomotives. As a result of cooporation it became advisable to have the facts concerning the performance of the shop presented in simple detail to the men, so that they might see for themselves what progress they were making. "Production," "output," "performance" were thus translated into the terms of their jobs. The output facts were put right before them where they might note each day how they were getting along. Largely because of these records, the shop as a whole really took on a new significance for the men; slow-footed drudgery caught the spirit of creative work.

Aside, however, from the confidence reestablished in the shop, the greatly improved morale, the lessened number of grievances, there has been a very noticeable improvement in the quality of work turned out, length of time engines actually require to go through the shop, and in labor turnover and absenteeism. Concerning each one of these manifestations tangible evidence is in the record. The

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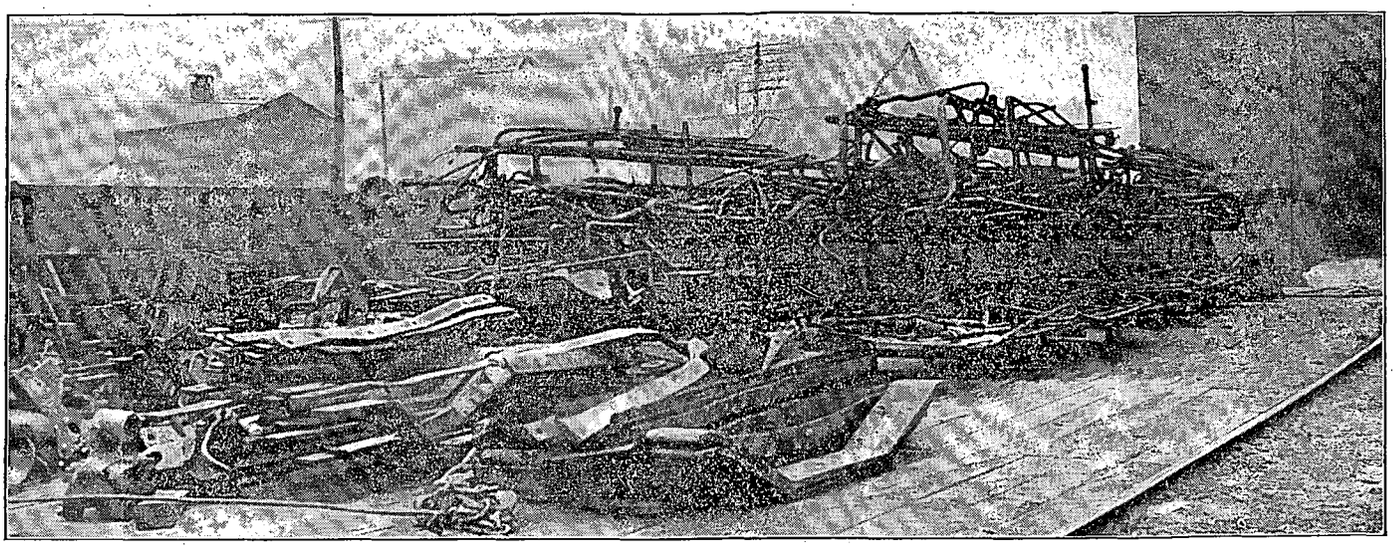

A typical improvement effected at Glenwood as a result of a suggestion from a union source. This picture shows an orderly method for storing pipe stripped from locomotives which are undergoing repairs

extent to which these facts to date are statistically demonstrable is a long technical story in itself, beyond the scope of this article. What is of major interest is the general effect which the new labor policy, as exemplified at Glenwood, has had on the performance of the Baltimore and Ohio as a whole, especially when compared with its chief competitor, the Pennsylvania, which has waged relentless war on the independent American Federation shopcraft unions, on the ground that cooperation with them was not compatible with efficiency.

AS is well known, the Baltimore and Ohio has recently resumed payment of its regular five per cent dividend on its common stock, besides making large appropriations for future retirement of bond issues. This it has been enabled to do because of the growth of its net operating income. The first eight months of 1923 show a net return $15,799,000 greater than for the same period of 1922, and $15,318,000 greater than the "standard return" for the same months of the pre-war years on which government compensation was based during Federal Control. The Pennsylvania's net for the first eight months of 1923 is only $6,036,000 greater than for the same period of 1922, and only $7,736,000 larger than the "standard return" for the first eight months of pre-war years.

These facts take on added significance when it is remembered that the entire net operating income of the Baltimore and Ohio is normally not more than half that of the larger Pennsylvania System, and consequently the difference in percentage increase is even larger than the difference in dollars. The net of the Baltimore and Ohio more than doubled between 1922 and 1923, while the net of the Pennsylvania increased less than 12 per cent.

For the first nine months of 1923 the Baltimore and Ohio shows the enormous excess of $22,441,674 above a year ago. The Pennsylvania shows a gain of only $6,650,648.

Another way of measuring financial progress is by the "operating ratio"—which is the percentage which expenses take out of revenues. The lower the operating ratio, the greater is the efficiency of the road. In 1922 the operating ratios of both roads were about equal, being 81 and a fraction. For the first eight months of 1923 the operating ratio of the Baltimore and Ohio was 76.6, against 81.9 for the Pennsylvania. The Baltimore and Ohio was therefore nearly 5 points better than its own record of the previous year, while the Pennsylvania was nearly 4 points worse than the average, and slightly worse than its own record of last year.

Of course, a road might temporarily increase its profits by cutting down expenses in such a way as not to keep its equipment in repair. Such a course would lead to trouble later. The Baltimore and Ohio has done just the opposite—it has markedly improved its equipment condition while making the above financial record. This means that a lot of work was done at a low cost—in other words, the shop forces were remarkably efficient.

One of the best tests of shopwork is locomotive condition. For the month of July, 1923, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Baltimore and Ohio had only 14.1 per cent of freight locomotives unserviceable, against 19.9 per cent for the Pennsylvania. More remarkable still is the improvement over last year. The Baltimore and Ohio percentage dropped from the high figure of 50.6 in July, 1922, while the Pennsylvania's percentage was reduced only from 23.2. Both roads showed a marked decrease in percentage of freight cars unserviceable.

Now comes a very curious and interesting comparison. It has been shown that in improvement of locomotive condition the Baltimore and Ohio did

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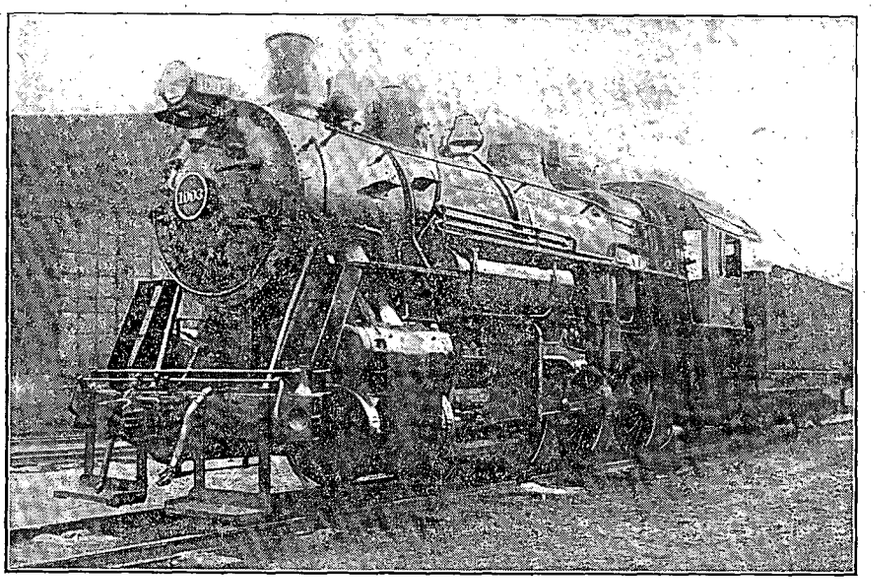
far better than the Pennsylvania. It has further been shown that in spite of this fact it did not spend so large a proportion of its income. How did this happen? One explanation may be discovered from the statistics of locomotives going through the shops. According to the American Railway Association, in two weeks ending September 15, the Baltimore and Ohio turned out of shop 614 locomotives out of a total of 2,481 on line, or a little less than a quarter, while the Pennsylvania turned out of shop 3,319 out of 7,340, or almost half. Thus trips to the shop are much more frequent on the Pennsylvania than on the Baltimore and Ohio. Between June 1 and September 15, 1923, 4,242 of the Baltimore and Ohio's repairs were heavy repairs, and 99 were light repairs. Only 1,575 of the Pennsylvania's were heavy repairs, the remaining 22,747 being light repairs. The Baltimore and Ohio has been concentrating on heavy repairs in its own shops, which are done so well that only a few light repairs are necessary, while the Pennsylvania is either not attending to heavy repairs or getting them done very poorly. The Pennsylvania's policy in this regard is obviously more wasteful than the Baltimore and Ohio's. And it indicates clearly the superior skill and efficiency of the Baltimore and Ohio shop forces.

There might be one remaining explanation for defenders of the Pennsylvania. They might say that the above figures do not show the true condition because the equipment on the Baltimore and Ohio had been allowed to remain in use longer without repairs.

Net ton-miles (or tons carried one mile) on the Pennsylvania increased from 3,276 millions in July, 1922, to 4,938 millions in July, 1923, or 51 per cent. Net ton-miles on the Baltimore and Ohio increased between the same two months from 858 millions to 1,946 millions, or 127 per cent.

For the seven months ending July of each year the increase on the Pennsylvania was from 22,487 million ton-miles to 31,253 million, or 39 per cent, while the increase on the Baltimore and Ohio was from 8,536 million to 13,046 million, or 53 per cent.



B. & O. Engine 1003, reconstructed and giving satisfactory service, an outward and visible sign of effective cooperation in production based on collective bargaining between a railroad management and the standard shopcraft unions

ABOVE all else what the cooperative developments on the Baltimore and Ohio signify is that organized labor under proper conditions will rapidly acquire a fundamentally constructive attitude towards industry; that labor, once having acquired this attitude, is actually able so to exert itself that the conduct of industry is perceptibly improved. In other words our trade union movement, given constructive industrial functions in addition to its present special humanitarian functions, will measure up to its enlarged responsibilities.

At all events, let us hope that the start so far made on the Baltimore and Ohio really warrants this significant conclusion. How far-reaching its benefits would be to our railroads, their two million workers and the public served by both!

What, indeed, does the general situation offer? First and foremost it is a fact that approximately seventy-five per cent of our two million railroad workers are members of independent, bona fide labor organizations. On matters of large policy, especially in relation to their industry, there is the closest agreement and cooperation among them. They exert by all odds the most powerful single influence affecting the day by day relation between management and men. The wise railroad executive, therefore, who looks at his industry in a statesmanlike way, will take full cognizance of this fact. He will see that there *is* a next step in collective bargaining which, if it can be taken, will enhance the value of this institution and replace its purely negative features by positive, constructive ones. He will see that for the unions there is the opportunity to assume responsibility for service, quality of work and output in response to their recognition and in return for the wage rates and working conditions they negotiate with management. He will see that the railroads can thus acquire two million faithful and enthusiastic supporters of the industry—a vast army of good will—which will help improve the industry, find new business and assist in its growth and prosperity.

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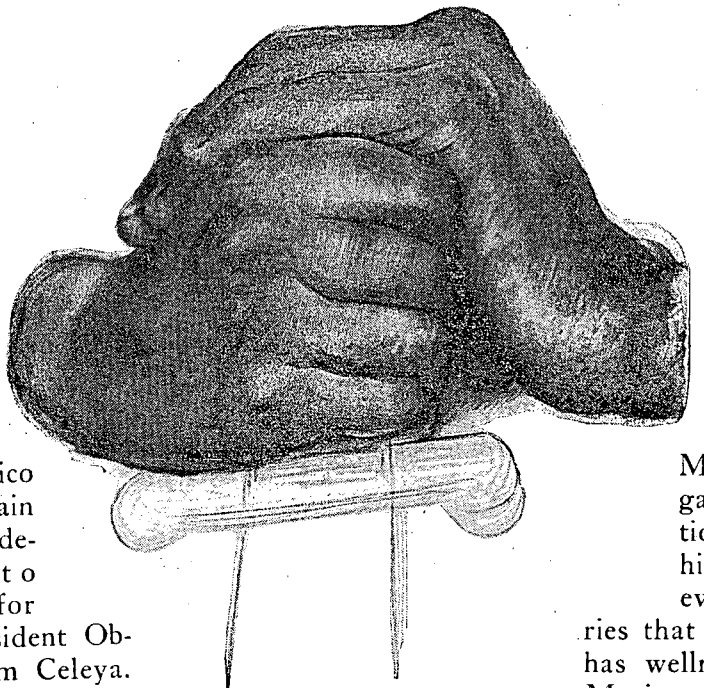
The Stakes in Mexico

By FRANK TANNENBAUM



A study by Diego Rivera for a detail of a mural in the Escuela Preparatoria in Mexico City

I LEFT Mexico City on a train which was sidetracked to make way for the special carrying President Obregon to the capital from Celeya. It was the day the rebellion broke out at Vera Cruz. I had spent four months in Mexico, and had been thrown with many of the leaders who had backed the Calles—de la Huerta candidacies and who were now taking the field. The indelible impression I took away with me is that the present clash in Mexico is essentially a new battle in an old struggle that began with the coming of the Spaniards, and which has continued to date; indeterminate peace, resting periods for the gathering of forces anew, and then another battle. It has been a long revolution with the ends unchanged. The causes fought for have been social, economic and political equality of the masses of the Indians and their half-Indian brothers with the sons of the Spanish conquerers. The Spaniard conquered Mexico, but he neither assimilated nor annihilated the Indian. He simply took the Indian's land away and that made a slave of him because freedom is impossible in an agrarian community without land ownership. He lost his status and became a servant in the house of his fathers.

The mere fact that the Indian outnumbered the white man, that the white man came as an adventurer, a gold seeker, a soldier rather than as a settler with his family; the mere fact that the Spanish conqueror left his women behind him made the conquest tentative, temporary and a passing thing in Mexico. No sooner did the conqueror settle in Mexico than the Indian began to undermine his position. He began to absorb him physically. That was inevitable, and through centuries that have passed the Spaniard has wellnigh disappeared and the Mexican has risen in his place, but the Mexican is half Indian in blood, and more in tradition, temper and view of life.

The Indian has, by mingling, achieved physical equality with the white man and the history of Mexico is the struggle to complete this achievement by adding to it social, economic and political equality. It is here that one must seek for the motive of the revolutions of Mexico. But economic, political and social equality in an agrarian community is not possible without the possession of land and so the revolutions have centered around the breaking up of the large estates, about the redistribution of the *ejidos* to the Indians, and all Mexican history is dominated by this agrarian struggle, the ultimate fulfilment of which is the basis of any real progressive life in Mexico.

The Obregon regime represents, if not the first, one of the first, and certainly the most successful outcome of this hundred years' struggle of the descendants of the disinherited Indian to achieve a position of equality with the descendants of the conquerors—it is to the Indian his dream come true. It represents the instrument which was to give him the peace he had fought for, and the Obregon administration has succeeded in doing what no other Mexican government ever has succeeded in doing before.

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The Obregon administration has done the following things:

First, it set out to educate Mexico with a degree of enthusiasm almost religious, with a passion for teaching the masses that has thrilled even the most casual observer. The Indian and his half-brother would at last be given spiritual equality with the Mexican who owned land and enjoyed the tradition of culture. The educational budget was raised from 5,000,000 pesos under Carranza to 50,000,000 under Obregon. Five hundred libraries were organized and a million copies of a children's reader were printed; 400,000 volumes were brought from Spain to be distributed in libraries and schools. The classics, a hundred of them, were to be printed in lots of 6,000 apiece, for sale at cost to the public and for free distribution to libraries and schools. These classics included Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe and others. Educational missionaries on the backs of little burros traversed the mountains and valleys accompanied by other burros carrying a collection of books on their backs to organize schools in little villages. The Indian arts, and music and drawing were studied and cultivated. Classes in popular music with thousands of workers participating were organized in the City of Mexico and other places. A vigorous campaign against illiteracy was inaugurated. The air was vibrant with the enthusiastic attempt to build schools and educate children. That was something new in Mexico. The carrying out of this program would make one part of the revolution complete. It would give spiritual and cultural equality to the masses.

The second thing that the Obregon regime has done has been to pacify Mexico, and I say that in spite of the present revolution. Mexico actually had peace, something it never had had before. It boasted of tyranny before this, or a peace imposed by soldiers, by rural police, by terror, but it never enjoyed good-natured peace as it did now. Diaz ruled for thirty years but he carried on a war of extermination against the *Mayas* and *Yaquis,* but Obregon had peace, and he had it five months after he came into power. That was an astounding and unbelievable achievement, because Mexico had had ten years of constant and spectacular violence. So-called bandits dominated sections of Mexico and made travelling unsafe and business intercourse impossible, and yet within a few months the country settled down and became quiet. Obregon gave them what they had been fighting for. He gave them land; gave them schools; gave them water. The bandits turned their sabres into plow-shares; Pancho Villa rode an American tractor and harvested 40,000 bushels of wheat.

Literally what happened was that as soon as Obregon came into power he found himself in possession of an army of 130,000 federal troops and something like 50,000 bandits. He took the bandits into the army and increased the federal forces by 50,000, and then set them to clearing land and building roads; he settled them in military colonies and gave them land and machinery, animals and agricultural implements; allowed them to keep their arms and gave them more ammunition if they wanted it; allowed them to keep the military organization, but he said, "The revolution is over. Here is what you have been fighting for. Now settle down."

And so they did. And the bandits became farmers and almost policemen in their neighborhoods. That is, Obregon pacified Mexico by giving the revolutionists what they had fought for, and then the revolutionists stopped being revolutionists and became farmers. This happened with the Zapatistas, with the followers of Villa, with the followers of Cedillo and many others. He not only pacified Mexico, but he reduced the army. He demilitarized Mexico and as soon as conditions allowed, he would take a division and settle it on the land just as he had done with the bandits, and where he could not do that, the army was employed in the building of roads; some of the best roads in Mexico have been built by the army under the Obregon regime.

THE third thing Obregon made possible was the development of the labor movement. There are now in Mexico somewhere between 500,000 and 800,000 organized workers; that is, workers in the cities and small farmers, peons who received their land and settled bandits: all belong to the same organization—the Mexican Federation of Labor. This organization is not very old. It held its fifth convention this year, but it is by far the most significant organization in Mexico. And this for a simple reason. It is the only organization in Mexico. Mexico is a country without organizations, and the labor movement is the only group that has a large number of people, scattered over the country, and outside of the army, that are organized and subject to discipline, both intellectual and social. The significant thing about this movement in Mexico is that it is the only important organization (outside of the church—and the church is not at present a creative factor in Mexico) that has historical continuity as an organization and does not dissolve when its immediate objects are achieved. It is a labor movement, and as such, has succeeded in forging into the community a sense of social policy, a sense of social ideals, a sense of loyalty and a continuous power of resistance. It has well-nigh made the old palace revolution impossible. Until now, loyalty in Mexico was personal loyalty, and when your leader went back on you, you changed your loyalty without losing your character; but when you have a labor movement that has persistent ideals and organization, the

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thing is not quite so easy. The labor movement in Mexico is today possibly the most significant single fact in Mexico—the term labor movement includes all the organized workers including the *compensinos,* and they have been encouraged by the government. The labor leaders have important governmental positions. A part of the financial advances involved in organization were borne by governmental departments. The recognized leader of the labor movement was until recently the head of the Ammunition and Arms Department of the government.

These three things taken together, and if there were time and space one could go on and detail them at great length, have set in motion a series of forces which were remaking, and will, ultimately, remake Mexico. The operation of these forces in themselves have already discovered a new type of Mexican, a type unknown to the average American in Mexico, and not understood by the old Mexican himself, a type represented by Ezekiel Salcedo, who is more nearly like a British labor leader than the broad-brimmed, two-gun irresponsible Mexican that our movies like to picture.

What this movement of social reconstruction means in operation is probably best seen in Yucatan. Anyone who wants to understand the meaning of the social democratic movement now abroad in the world had best go to Yucatan and see its work there, because there is probably no other place on the globe where it can be observed with better advantage.

TEN years ago the Maya Indians were slaves, subject to physical abuse by their masters and sold with the land they tilled. This was the fact of the situation even if the legal formulation read differently. And I have seen within the last six weeks a nominating convention in one of the smaller towns of Yucatan where there were assembled about two thousand Maya Indians who came to watch the proceedings of about sixty delegates. At this convention I saw a middle aged Maya Indian woman with her bare feet, in white embroidered *huipiles,* straight hair flattened on her head, stand on a chair and deliver a speech in Maya. Ten years ago this woman was a slave, and all her sister delegates were slaves, and now they carried on a democratic convention with a degree of competitive earnestness and sense of good form that was astounding. This nominating convention is but a symbol of the spiritual resurrection involved.

I attended a land distribution in Yucatan where to the tune of much joy; for the first time in four hundred years, the Indians again became land owners.

These are but flashes that one could describe in much greater detail, reflecting the rebirth of a race —in this case, the Maya Indian; in other parts of Mexico, other Indian groups.

THE continuance of the policies of the Obregon regime is the most important thing in Mexico just now, and their continuance is involved in the election of General Plutarco Elias Calles who has been the moving spirit and the real power behind the Obregon regime. It is well known in Mexico that if he is elected these policies of Obregon will go forward energetically. Education, land distribution, and labor organization have been the dominant interests of his life and the carrying forward of these policies involves the making of a new Mexico, the raising of new groups of the people to power, the establishment of small cooperative agricultural communities, the making of Mexico into a modern nation without destroying its strong cultural heritage that belongs to the Indian. No social program as comprehensive as this can be carried forward in Mexico without destroying the power and the hold of the large land-owners and their friends.

That, fundamentally, is the issue; and, behind are questions of personality and party politics. De la Huerta represents in himself, or by the group that is around him, the attempt to undo, or at least to stop the carrying forward of the policies of the present regime in Mexico. They have drifted by swift stages from political agitation in advance of the July elections, to a resort to force. Theirs is in essence a military rebellion—a breaking away of some of the federal army leaders with their political and social allies. If they should succeed in overthrowing the Obregon government they would only succeed in initiating civil war in Mexico, the end of which no one can foretell, because they will be confronted by the Indians, the settled bandits, the organized workers who will fight again as they have fought before, for a hundred years if necessary, to achieve the program involved. This resistance to the de la Huerta-Sanchez rebellion is very different from the traditional Mexican military adventure where any leader with funds could take the field with hired peons. Today, we have the people themselves rising to the defence of the government against its antagonists. The mere fact that President Obregon has felt himself sufficiently powerful with his people to call them to the aid of the government and to give them arms in its defense is the most illuminating thing about the present situation. I know as a matter of fact that the organized labor movement will put thousands of men in the field, if needed to defend the present regime; or to carry on, if it is overthrown. The present rebellion is a counter-revolution. It can give Mexico civil war, but it cannot give it peace. It is the latest stand of the reactionaries, whose success would only open another era of popular uprisings, but whose defeat would stimulate the carrying forward of the Obregon program with greater energy.

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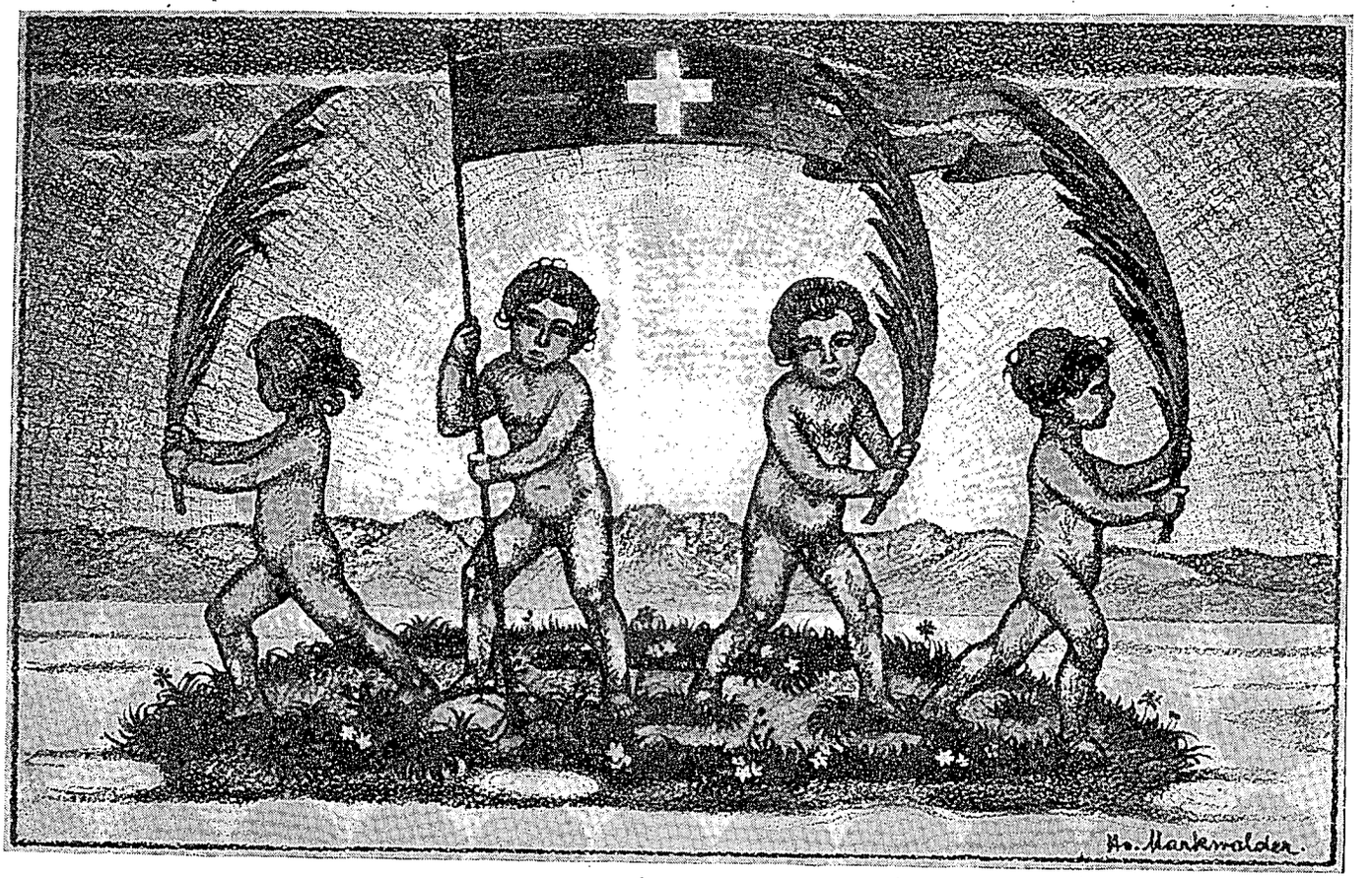

Switzerland as the Isle of Peace—a poster by H. Markwalder

Jewelled Parts of the New Swiss Watch

The first of three character sketches of the League of Nations

By FRANCIS HACKETT

THE League of Nations is not a castle in the air. It is an actual institution, planted on the ground, with exits and entrances. Its cast includes a great annual convention of delegates, called the Assembly, which lays down the conditions on which the assembled states are agreed that the work of the League is to be done. The Assembly decides the money to be voted, the policy to be outlined, the general curve and tendency of the League. It is left to the Council, which is much more under the thumb of the Great Powers—the Great Powers representing great wealth and great population and great war-force—to shape the actual decisions, to devise the method in specific cases, and to give the Assembly's policy driving power. That power, however, is transmitted through the Secretariat, an organization of about four hundred. And of that four hundred there are perhaps twenty-five or thirty men who, unknown and unadvertised though they are, are the mainspring of the League.

Place thirty nonentities in control of the Secretariat, and the League of Nations becomes about as important as the College of Heraldry. Secure thirty real men and women, and you have a League that is one of the most promising forces in the world.

The thing that most impresses me about the League as it is today is the quality of the men in the Secretariat. I have never seen a finer group. If you go around the world looking for intelligence, force and insight, you may be able to match them in certain inner circles of able men. In every fine bit of machinery, there must be men who correspond in quality to the jewelled parts of a watch. But these men of the League are unusually well selected. They are at once rounded and independent, clear minded, fair minded and free minded. And their best work is still in them.

You take a man like Dr. Rajchman, the Pole, who is at the head of the health work. To see him handle his job is like watching the operations of a

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power-house, where there is a minimum of distraction, where everything is scrupulously in place, where, in the centre of stillness and order, the one wheel that drives is revolving with incredible swiftness and immaculate precision and ease. Dr. Rajchman is himself compact, direct, cool, with a clean laboratory look about him and with no italics or pretension. His eye is on the object, as they say of the artist. And his object, international health, I shall later describe. While a Pole, of Hebrew strain, Dr. Rajchman is master of English. He has had much to do with the men of the Rockefeller Foundation, and he said, incidentally, that nowhere had he met better examples of what he called the international point of view. The men of the Rockefeller Foundation, apparently, are so educated to expect criticism that they pick their steps like mountain mules.

OR take Madariaga, the electric intelligence of the Disarmament Section. Salvador de Madariaga is a Spaniard, son of a Spanish officer. He went to school in France, where, in competition with his French schoolmates, he repeatedly got first in French composition. Later he lived, worked and wrote in England, after his graduation from the Ecole des Mines. In his work for the League he shows in rare degree the detachment, the critical keenness and yet the fire, which are Latin characteristics. In person he is slight, dark in coloring, extremely quick and alive. Not yet forty, he unites with the dignity of the Spaniard a flashing humor which is young. He has written criticism of the first rank in English.

With this Pole and this Spaniard let me put a Swiss, William Rappard, who was born in New York, who has taught at Harvard, and who is now in charge of mandates. Dr. Rappard is the kind of reasonable internationalist whom innumerable questioning outsiders trust. During the war he was as pro-French as a French-Swiss could be. He even pushed his fellow-countrymen of German stock rather far in the direction of the Allies. But as between the French and the English, in their constant tug-of-war, he is in every way qualified to be enlightening and helpful to both sides. A broad-shouldered, military-looking professor, he is a solid strength to the Secretariat. No one would describe him as a radical, but in the sphere of mandates he is the type of robust will that secures trusteeship rather than exploitation on the part of the white powers. A long training in severe intellectual work removes him as far as possible from sentimentalism, yet his rather red-blooded physique prevents him from becoming harsh or dry.

Another Swiss, Haas of the Transit Section, is in the difficult position of working out for Europe the problem of interstate commerce. It is a curious fact that America, with all its isolation, has punctured sovereignty in a thousand ways in its practical relations with Canada on freight and passenger traffic. Europe, on the other hand, has a fractured system of railway and waterway communication, broken anew as a result of the war. To this work of construction M. Haas brings a quiet temperament, a deep reserve, a masterly grasp of fact. As secretary of the Barcelona Conference he was concerned from the start with the large negotiations between members of the League in order to secure freedom of communications and transit. An impatient man might have despaired of the collaboration which this calls for, but M. Haas has the air of a specialist who could sit forever through the tedious illness of his patient. He knows that necessity is the mother of internationalism, and he is willing to give time and endless work to the adjustments of which so many are jealous and so many afraid. No other organ exists to do the work that the League has in hand in regard to freight and passenger traffic. The League is the natural organ of, for example, aerial control. But in these matters the vested interests are so opposed to any sort of collaboration, the League is compelled at every step to nurse them. No wonder M. Haas looks tired.

ANOTHER member of the Secretariat who has reason to look tired is Dame Rachel Crowdy, the Englishwoman who has in hand the work on two big questions, the opium question and the question of the traffic in women. Dame Rachel Crowdy is one woman among many men, in the higher offices of the League, and she is in a post where controversy rages. These facts, combined with the fact that she organized and ran the V. A. D.'s during the war, account for her official gravity. Responsibility has transformed her from the slim, fashionable English gentlewoman into a figure spare and clear, a figure that William Blake might have drawn. But austerity is not really Dame Rachel Crowdy's note. There is no nonsense about the method or spirit she brings to her work, and no sparing of effort. Like all women who have sailed out from the havens to which it had pleased Man to call them, she has needed and developed her humor. She uses it in a job that requires extreme realism and at the same time a fine discretion. She is thoroughly English, but English internationalized. That is, English that has breathed the radium air of imagination. If the men in the lead of the Secretariat strike one as extraordinarily open to conviction, disinterested and expert, so in the same degree does Dame Rachel Crowdy. In her work at the head of the section on opium she has encountered a broadside from America, where it is held in official circles that the League ought to control the actual growing of opium. Since the American delegates

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have joined the Opium Committee of which she is secretary, a joint policy may be looked for. But her attitude on this criticism is not defensive. It is sympathetic and receptive. She is concerned with the reform of the opium situation, and the reform of traffic in women, not in the soothing of opium-growers or the protection of licenses, either in prostitution or "dope."

(Dame, by the way, is a new title that the English King bestows on women. It is the equivalent of a knighthood, and it was given to Dame Rachel Crowdy for her work in the war. As to whether a "Dame" is married or not, you are no more enlightened than you are in the case of women who are members of the Lucy Stone League. Dame Rachel, it may be said, is unmarried.)

It seems only geographically fair to put alongside this Englishwoman an Irish member of the International Labor Office. E. J. Phelan. Mr. Phelan is head of the diplomatic division of the Labor Office. He came to this work, with an interval strenuously employed at Paris, from the first-class division of the English Civil Service. The severe training of the English Civil Service is markedly clear in Mr. Phelan. He can write a letter, for example, which is as self-effacing as the most perfect alibi. He can, at a moment's notice, talk like an institution; such an institution as the English Board of Trade. But in this punctilious and officialized style one soon detects an Irish edge which is the edge of a cutting intelligence. This glint in Mr. Phelan's style corresponds to the keen and detective eye in his politely impersonal face. He can, on occasion, warm to an extraordinary pitch, and his voice can intone almost as deeply as Frank Harris's. He is capable of talking for hours about the possibilities of the Labor Office, the work that lies before a new member of the League like Ireland, the advantages and disadvantages of the English as against the French civil service system, the international value of Albert Thomas. On the other hand, he can pass a whole evening in the Club International, of which he is president, as if he were as remote as the little black cat that makes the Club its home. M. Phelan, as he is called in the Club, is the friend of all nationalities. He sees the high virtue of Robert Cecil, the strength of a Finn like Toivola, the integrity of a Pole like Sokal, the racial future of the Latins.

WITH Dame Rachel Crowdy in her opium work is the chivalrous M. Blanco, who, after many years in the Chinese Customs, gave up his retirement pension there to come three or four years more quickly to the work at the League. Until you discover he is a devotee of Sandow's exercises, you might suppose that M. Blanco was merely comfortably stout. He talks fascinatingly and freely of the smuggling cases he has dealt with in China. As one listens to him, coolies and mandarins troop before one's eyes, one sees the old schoolteacher who is a lean habitué of opium, hardly to be suspected, and one sees beside him the wretched laborer, drugging himself after drenching toil, unable to moderate his doses, doomed to die. The world traffic is the living fact of M. Blanco's life. Part Spanish and part English, he mingles tenacity and imagination in his study of the best means of bringing under law this horribly dangerous and immensely profitable trade.

It would show a lack of proportion, however, to lay all the stress on the opium traffic and its dangers, when infinitely greater dangers to public health and welfare result from the failure of human beings to protect themselves aginst actual disease.

IT was considered an extremely smart move when, during the war, the British imported Chinese coolies into Northern France. That smart move cost the Western world hundreds of thousands of lives. The Chinese brought the influenza to Europe, that influenza which, among other things, killed more Americans than died in the war. This fact, if alone, would have been enough to turn the Health Organization of the League of Nations to the task of anti-epidemic organization. But unfortunately the influenza epidemic was not an isolated incident of the past five or six years.

IN Russia, in this period, four million have died of typhus. Besides that, cholera, relapsing fever, dysentery, malaria, small pox, anthrax and scurvy have raged as never before in modern history on the confines, or actually inside the barriers, of Western Europe.

As Dr. Rajchman sits in his office in the League of Nations building, there is nothing on earth to suggest typhus or malaria; you see a desk as clean as a harvested field, its occupant defensive behind his glasses, and no apparatus except a pencil in view. But something is said about malaria, and Dr. Rajchman gets up quickly and walks to a map. It is a specially drawn map, studded with pins of brilliant colors. These mark Dr. Rajchman's enemies; you are in the presence of the General Staff of the Health of the World.

Before the League came into being, some one said, "What is wanted is a small, permanent, central body whose sole duty would be to watch over and promote the operation and fulfillment of the obligations as regards pacific settlement of the signatory Powers." That small, permanent, central body has come to be, but not only is it concerned with "obligations as regards pacific settlement," it is also concerned with obligations as regards such matters of international moment as public health. In the tangle of the world, where epidemic is always

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threatening, here is the fire tower and the fire warden. It is for him to take messages, to send messages, to warn, to mobilize. If the health world could be credited with a nervous system, he'd come very near being the brain.

But the brain, in this case, is so under-nourished that it is a voluntary body, the Rockefeller Foundation, which finances much of its activity.

IN the great scummy ocean of man's imbecility, this pin-point of world organization for health is not entirely alone. There is another little island; the Yap of the Office International d'Hygiene. The two might have been joined into one more powerful union, but since the United States was a member of the Office and not a member of the League, the union was opposed by the United States. Medical men being what they are, however, the two organizations have worked in great harmony, and the United States health men have taken important part in the work of the League.

That work is peculiar. It does not attempt to take over the work of state organizations. It does not go in for theoretical inquiry, no matter how valuable. It combats those diseases which, in the absence of international activity, would too easily cross frontiers and have a clear field before them.

The world is a unit to the Health Organization. Its attention is concentrated on those very points from which the pious conservative averts his eyes. It is to the Near East, to Russia, to Greece, to the Suez Canal, that the Health Organization gives most of its mind. It has sent a commission to the Mediterranean to see how to prevent epidemics spreading in the Near East. It has sent a commission to the Far East, to study the efforts that are made in Far Eastern ports. It has paid special attention to the handling of the annual pilgrimages, in which the religious-minded pool their prayers and their germs. It has conferred on sleeping sickness and tuberculosis in equatorial Africa. It has made manful and rewarded efforts to help Russia and to protect Western Europe from Russian epidemic.

In these processes the main object has been to use existing health organizations. But where the existing organizations have been too feeble, the League has itself brought aid. It has also taken as its job the focussing of epidemic information, the relating of that information to health policy, and the linking of health services in different countries in order to have its policy carried through.

More than that, it has deliberately striven to develop "carriers" not of disease but of sanitation. This it has done by finding money for the exchange of personnel, to promote understanding, to quicken intelligence, to increase goodwill.

If you go to the Serum Institute of Copenhagen, for example, you can talk there to a doctor from Warsaw, who has been lent to Copenhagen through the League. I met there a young scientist who had returned from Alexandria, in Egypt, one of the key positions in the health of the world, and who was about to leave for the United States, to study at Albany, N. Y., and at Washington, D. C. But these sidelights on the exchange of personnel are not the only glimpses of the League's activity that you can get in Copenhagen. You also discover that this is the headquarters for testing the anti-toxic sera, for standardizing sero-diagnosis of syphilis, for co-ordinating the results of research into biological products used as drugs.

This may sound a simple matter. But in medicine as in everything else different groups have different methods, different judgments, different traditions. Dr. Madsen, chairman of the Health Committee appointed by the Council of the League, told me in Copenhagen that the units of tetanus serum, for instance, have varied so misleadingly and dangerously from one country to another that the differences could easily lead to fatal results. The unit reckoned as 100 in one country was 3,000 in another, and in another 10,000. One work which has been made much easier by the League has been the standardization of the tetanus serum. Another that has been standardized for the world is the diphtheria serum. And something has also been done with the serum used in case of pneumonia.

THE handful of the Secretariat I have chosen to mention is not, perhaps, the handful that another visitor would pick. There are headliners like Sir Edgar Salter, the Norwegian Colban, the admirable Mr. Butler of the Labor Office, the men in Information, Race Minorities, Intellectual Cooperation, the men in the Political Section, the men who have produced the extraordinarily competent research results in the Labor Office, or the American woman, Florence Wilson, who has directed the Library and alarmed whole battalions of Europeans by encouraging the people who use a library to regard books as instruments, not as museum specimens to be jealously guarded and withdrawn from use.

I went to Geneva cold and suspicious. I still think the whole tradition of modern government, European and American, is steeped in animosities, love of privilege and greed; unless men of better heart and clearer head can take the helm, suffering and frustration must be the common lot. But here, at any rate, the right sort of men and women have a foothold. They have captured a big share of world-direction from the foreign offices and the war-makers and the profiteers. Not to admit this, because one would like to have world-salvation on a platter, is to lack common sense.

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Torches

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

Through the blown dust of other years they pass,
Like pictures in a lighted glass;
Those earlier millions with their quiet tread,
Who are not dead.
For these are they who held their torches high,
Searching the darkness through their night of years,
And the wide sky,
Where signal lights of distant worlds go by,
That keep the living rhythm of the spheres.

Yet are there other torches, with a flame
Kindled at altars, builded in love's name—
Torches of nearer light, and fragrant smoke,
Through which a close and intimate secret broke,
When the old wonder came
Of life itself; of sweet new flesh renewed
Out of an older body, and endued
With two merged flames; the crimson and the white,
To form one light.

They only went the certain way of death,
Who breathed no spark of life with living breath,
Into another body; spoke no word
The waiting millions heard;
Did no sweet, secret thing,
That left the very silence, whispering
An inner name that guardian angels keep,
Waiting beyond the loud confusion and the strife,
Above still forms that seek an hour's sleep,
Out of the terrible beauty that is life.

And there are those whose shaken torches burn
The sweet and innocent eyes, that turn
To seek a shelter and a light
Through wavering shadows of unholy shapes,
Where something that is neither God nor man escapes
Into a darker night!
And there are those whose smouldering torch shall fall
Into deep waters of a widening sea,
Where no voice but the cries of drowned men call,
Who know the darkest ocean depths, and all
Their mystery.

What torches then, shall fit our hands that reach
Above the scorned uncertainty of speech,
To wider light?
What kindled torches, through the night,
Reveal a flash of startled wings,
Through lonely ways, and falterings?

Or shall one Greater Beacon light the earth,
When love, triumphant, comes to birth?
Enough, to know one ringing call
To pierce the shadows, and to mark
How flames leap in the dark,
Lest we should fall!

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Percy MacKaye might well be called a dramatist explorer. The prime result of a long summer and early autumn spent in the remoter parts of the Kentucky mountains is a group of plays of which the first—"This Fine-Pretty World"—is a comedy, performed this season at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. In the following article, Mr. MacKaye for the first time interprets the explorations which lie back of his dramas.

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Untamed America

A Comment on a Sojourn in the Kentucky Mountains

By PERCY MACKAYE

With Excerpts from the Trail-Journal of Marion MacKaye

IT was a golden summer's morning—"a right purty time," as they say in the mountains—when I set out, with my wife and son, on foot and mule-back, to cross the wild ridges of the Kentucky mountains into remote regions beyond the railroads. I went on a hunting expedition, yet not as a huntsman, but as a naturalist in the realm of drama.

And before I came back in the autumn to this outer world, I had found far more than my dreams in a world of virgin forests and unsullied creeks, profusely abounding in rare, unclassified species of the *genus homo*— strange wildflowers of the human spirit, hardy, wayward, shy, fantastic, beautiful, and —doomed to extinction: a world where, as by miracle, I found still proudly beating the pioneer heart of my own people—America, ancient and untamed.

To conserve, in forms of imagination, some vestiges of that elusive, vibrant life before its inevitable passing, became now doubly my motive, in looking backward toward that untamed world. In that task, some thoughts, arising from recollections of my sojourn there—are here set down.

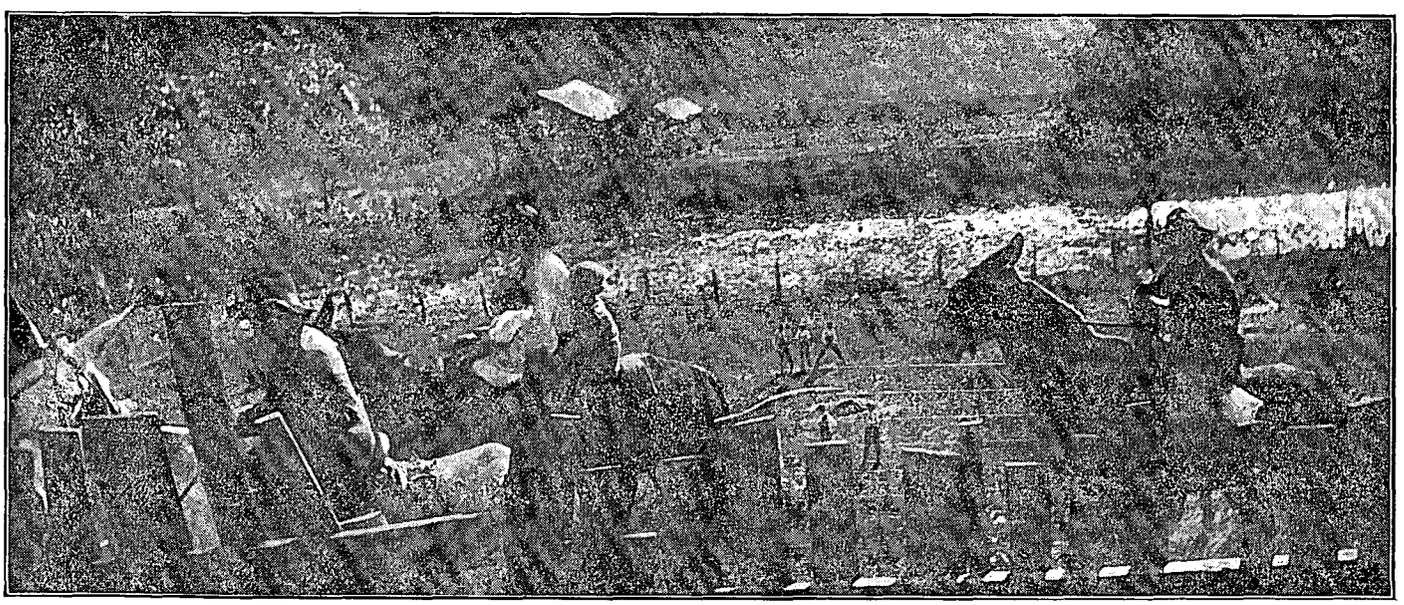
Does civilization consist in being tamed?

We who live in our cages: cages of steel and marble and cement—clean, luxurious, electric lighted, reared by the genii of a thousand roaring machines—are we *ipso facto* civilized? Do we not peer through our bars—some pacing like tigers, some couchant like drowsy bears, some chattering like simians swung by their tails—peer through our bars, and wonder?

Over there in the mountains are men who do not live in cages: a million Americans, who do not chase the dollar; who do not time-serve machines; who do not learn their manners from the movies, or their culture from the beauty-parlors: illiterates, who do not think what they are told to in type; "lazy" people, who have leisure to lean on their hoes and discourse religion and poetry with the dawns and sunsets; oldfashioned "Independence" folk, who take "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for granted; untamed Americans, who do not ask for "licenses" to live.

Shall we not, then, hasten to "civilize" them—convert their dirty log-cabins into clean cement cages? Or first shall we inquire whether they may have something to contribute to our own brand-new civilization—something which of old we cherished but now perhaps have forgotten?

Such inquiry will involve some of the basic values of education. During recent years I have visited many American schools and universities. Everywhere I have found presidents, faculties and students confronted with a supreme vexed problem



"Stirrup to stirrup, on the vari-colored mules, en route to the funeralizing"

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involving the Untamed and Tamed—the Pioneer Spirit of America wrestling with the Machine of Modernism to retain his elemental plasticity unfettered. And everywhere I have beheld the Machine downing that valiant Wrestler, whose sinews grow ever weaker in the struggle. Everywhere, however, I have observed an increasing awareness of the issue, and a deep longing on the part of some leaders (pioneers of the future) for its human solution.

The pioneer is twin-brother to the poet. The Kentucky mountains are still peopled with ancient pioneers. The pioneers of a new education—may they not find a fraternity of helpful understanding in the more intensive study of that poetic civilization which their unfettered brothers of the hills still have to contribute to that great Wrestling Bout — before the Machine levels them to a common impotence?

This article can only suggest, not develop this large theme. Drama and poetry are of the essence of education, but the method of the poet-dramatist differs essentially from that o the methodical educator.

During my travels in the mountains I collected, with my wife's aid, several volumes o original data concerning the language, thought, tales, songs, superstitions of the mountain people. These conceivably might be put to purely scholastic uses. For my purposes, however, they are simply loam of an authentic subsoil for the growth of a native Theatre of Poetry, to which I hope slightly to contribute in a group of plays. The growth of such a Theatre may well become part of a policy of Greater Conservation. Such Conservation, I suggest, if it is to be worthy of its American birthright, will not stop at salvaging merely our backgrounds of physical wild nature, its power-waters and forests with their diversities of bird and plant life. More vitally important to its human goal, it will become also a conservation of spiritual wild nature, with its precious diversities of *Man*—his distinctive species of soul-life, his unspoiled heritages of thought and untamed imagination.

Their oneness with wild nature is integral to the character of the mountaineers. While we were gathering data for the plays, my wife recorded some of the characteristic backgrounds in a trail-journal, from which I shall quote in this article. Here is an excerpt:

A master fiddler of the hills

"A hard, steep climb in the rocky bed of the creek, straight up to the top of the mountain. The trail was wild with a rich, dank beauty. Fallen logs, moss-grown and lichen-covered, lay thick like shaded jade, exuberant in greens with rich golden-brown and heavy blue-black depths. The sunlight, falling through the luxuriant, overhanging branches, cast the carved shadow-patterns on this jewelled forest floor.

"Emerging to the open sky-line after the last steep pull, we came upon the narrow margin of the mountain-top, just wide enough for a rail-fence, mountain-fashion, zig-zag, and the slender trail. There—plunging on 'yan side,' as the natives say—swept downward the surging sea of corn, all in blossom, with shining blades. It was a mighty field of ranked industry, every line even, and now and then, like 'hants' among them, rose the ominous gray, twisted limbs of the girdled trees, dead—years gone by, but still wasting away in ghostly accompaniment to the eerie folk-lore of 'Old Granny Big Poll' and her eldritch Cats!

"Here we stood leaning against the fence-rail, gazing far down below to the bottom of the cornfield toward the tiny cabins so far away. We walked for a few rods on level ground—a restoring occupation—then down we began to go, till the cabins hove in sight: little gray log-cabins with their garden-patches, the inhabitants coming to the door and gazing up at us—a rare sight for them—then on down again sheer to the creek, where we crossed on a slatted log and entered a paling.

"It was the prettiest place we have yet seen, rich with a profusion of blossoms and tall, lavender clusters of 'church bells,' where a most beautifully rough-hewn, weathered old smoke-house stood in the midst of a riot of Pretty-by-nights, Touch-me-nots, Moss Roses (our Coreopsis) and Princess-Feathers. Leading out to a chain and bucket on a windlass was a covered porch. Here we were greeted by a gray-haired mountain-woman, handsome and blue-eyed, an aged 'Aunt Rachel' by the well! After chatting awhile, we went on through her garden patch.

"Then along by the creek to an idyllic little hollow where the stream meandered, the geese and ganders

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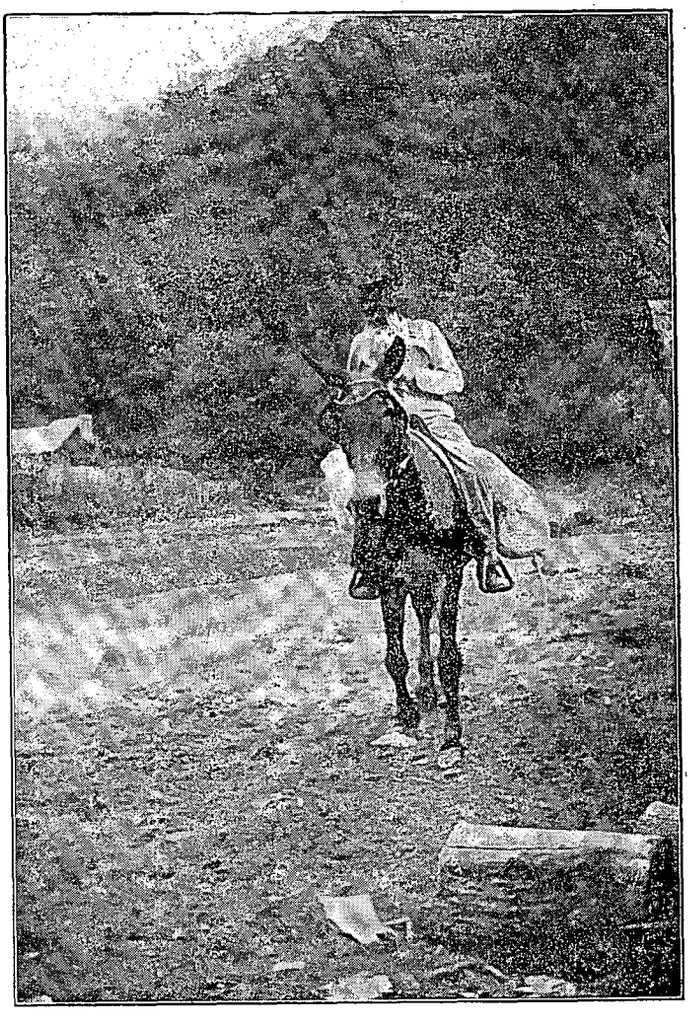
disported themselves, the tow-headed children wandered fancy-free, and the gentle heifer, with the sweet-echoed cowbell, strayed from dripping penny-royal to spicéd mint.

"We hopped and poised and plunged and essayed 'the brimming river,' till a dingy domain greeted us with 'What's your name?' from a rear window, half boarded up, where peeked a woman with the shadow of a man behind. Mistrusting it was a 'Tiger,'—a window where you pass in your money and are handed out your bottle—we sedately stated our names—where from, and where going—and leaped on up-stream.

"Crossing only to re-cross, we reached before long a most primitive cabin, just beyond a splash-dam, with only a chicken roost for steps leading up to the door. We stopped to see if anybody was around, but only a fat little yellow kitten assumed the dignity of hospitality and demurely posed on the doorsill—a tiny atom of mountain life against the black emptiness of the windowless cabin—so soft and sweet she was, and so diminutive to be the only one 'at home'!"

These are the lonely backgrounds from which the "lonesome songs" take their strange cadences of isolation. But these represent only one aspect of the mountain life, which reveals its exuberant social sense in the riotous frolics and fiddle-reels of the puncheon floor, political oratory of the outdoor elections, and crowded gatherings of the countryside for the unctuous "Amens" and tears of funeralizings. To one of those preachments we were guided by a fine, mountain-born lad named Ray, as we travelled mule-back up an almost inaccessible "branch."

"From all the cabins were now coming the mountaineers and wending along with us, the women sitting side-saddle behind their husbands, who occupied the saddles. The gathering grew and, as we started up the last steep incline, we were part of



A mountain patriarch ambling to the grist with corn

a Chaucerian pilgrimage, laughing, joking, bobbing and jostling, stirrup to stirrup on the vari-colored mules—children, courting couples, hill-folk young and old, barefoot and brogan—and among them, the jolliest of them all, ruddy faced, white-haired and moustachioed, was the mountain preacher, Uncle Charlie, all en route for the funeralizing of old Betsy, who had died some three years before, but was now having the obsequies, as it is often not convenient or possible to obtain a preacher here for months at a time. Often the widower is married again when the ceremony for the first wife is celebrated.

"The hillside was a veritable precipice, and one of the girls fell off behind and was caught just in time by her husband. What keeps them on, heaven knows! — just balanced on a mule's slippery backbone on a still-more-

A granny of the creeks, homeward bound from a "workin'"

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sliding meal-sack.

"At last we tied our mules with others in the creek, and got over an eight-rail fence—we all did, young and old—for there are few gates here, and it is all in the day's work. There, just as we essayed the fence, we heard the first high-wailing notes, drifting off across the hills, of the mountain preacher—that strange intoning which rises to a piercing yell, with deep drawing-in of the breath and nasal inflection: a sing-song giving of the Gospel, with high shouts, mouth wide open, hands high in air and then held over the ears, to enable him to give yet louder range to his voice without damaging his ear-drums."

By the old smoke house, amid a riot of blooms

In all these experiences, that which fascinated me most in my quest was the vividly imagined *thought*, and its expression in a *speech* of amazing freshness and plasticity, on the part of those who had been least affected by the outer world language of literacy.

The mountain dialect exists, of course, in all stages of deterioration, and it is quite possible to visit many quarters where its distinctiveness is weak or negligible. But at its unspoiled best, it is still a speech splendidly racy in colloquial charm and power, and as admirably adapted to an indigenous literature as the Scotch or Irish, of which indeed it is a kind of American "mutation" from a blending of those with ancient English stock. Especially its constructions—vitally responsive to the ebb and flow of *spoken* (not written) thought—are as sensitive to natural rhythms as the speech of the ear-trained audiences of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

This language is a precious heritage of the mountaineer from a thousand years of folk-culture; yet so cramped is the standardized culture of the average normal school teacher (blissfully ignorant of the Elizabethans and Chaucer and "Beowulf," not to mention Burns and Singe) that the first admonishment of the mountain child—who has braved lonely miles of storm-swept trails, humbly to "crave school larnin'," is for him to "correct" and shamefacedly disavow his own ancient mountain speech in favor of the "grammatical rules" of a rubber-stamp education.

"Yea, Sir, hit war the first cold spell that come, right when the grapes is about all gone and the rest of the berry tribe, between the turnin' of the weeds under and the dyin' of food, and thar comes in a gang of jay-birds, and they fills the mind of the bird poetry."

There is a sentence I wrote down from the lips of an old mountaineer. How would the average normal school graduate "correct" it by "grammatical rules" in a "composition"? (Are the images and rhythms of elemental nature admissible to a "correct" education?) Would the gracious charm of that old man's speech raise an educated titter from the school benches, where the new generation is being solicitously "civilized"?

And here, from our records, is an etching of a mountain storm, remembered after seventy years by the same speaker:

"Onct, when I were a leetle feller, I seed a thunder-ball—the likes of a comet-star. Hit come along a big black cloud, lightnin' shootin' through and through. And the cloud split open, and hit blazed a ball big as a washin' tub, which the valley was claired up and ye could see away-y back yander. Hit come straight-over Black Mountin, and thar hit busted—big a noise as a cannon—on the battlements. And thousands of sparks they was falling, like foxfire, when wet hit shines of a night and light enough to travel by: like black balls of rosin, and hit burnin'. And the star-ball hit split that-thar cloud same 's a big saw-log comin' down the current; and hit were standin' apart that cloud, which the storm shone through hit, and hit went jist as straight as a gun would a-shot a bullet from west to east. Sech rain I never seed fall in my life!"

To this aged poet of nature, whose master fiddling in the hills has rejoiced the hearts of four generations, I owe intimations of the values of synthetic life, revelations of quick sympathy with all sentient things, which I would not swap for any specialty of the universities. He first taught himself to read in middle manhood when, taken ill, he lay on his cabin floor, face upward to his close-held Bible, which—already knowing mainly by heart—he was able to decipher from oral memory. Fortunate for him (as also for other thousands of mountaineers) that his first literacy led him to the splendors of speech in the St. James Version. Yet before then his poetic gifts were bred of a noble illiteracy.

So all poetry is by its nature kinned to illiteracy; for its function is to quicken and perpetuate, through

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the ear, those plastic elements of man's spirit which were evolved long before the existence of writing and reading, and which those tend to stiffen and retard. So printing is merely a necessary evil of poetry, which really lives only in the voice and the oral imagination.

It is this oral imagination, and the memory it springs from, which endows the mountaineers with a *living* sense of the long continuity of human life—a sense that is almost lost to us who record life in memorandum books instead of in brain cells. Thanks to it, the intimacies of family anecdote and history live on vividly, not merely for one generation but often for six and seven, touched with colors of the fabulous as conversations are repeated from sire to son.

As I stopped one morning by the cabin of an old native, who was hewing fresh shingles from the split trunk of a felled chestnut tree, I heard from his lips (substantially as follows) this family anecdote of an incident which befell on another morning two hundred years before.

I had asked him how he came to live there.

"How come I to be here, gabbin' with you, this day and time? I'll tell ye. Hit 's all to blame of a parrot-bird.

"Ye see, my grand, great, great grandsir' he lived in old Ireland, the town of Brooklyn, jist out o' the way of the ebb and flow of the tide. His pap kep' a shipyard thar—Godawful rich he war. The roads thar is rayed off in block squares, and he lived in the 'jinin' buildin' to the King.

"Now Jim—that were his name, my Grandsir'—he were about fifteen year old, I reckon.

"So, one mornin', and hit purty in fall time, Grandsir' Jim were awalkin' to his work by the tide, and he went through a fine apple orchard—great-big of red and gold apples hangin' thar, the road amongst 'em. And thar in the green leaves they was one apple were striped purple-red, round bright as the bottom of a big, clean tin cup, and hit danglin' down. And he war jist retchin' up his hand for to grab hit—

" 'Hold thar! I'll tell the King on ye!'

"He drapped his hand, quick off.

" 'Who hollered that?'

"And lo, behold, hit were a parrot-bird, the King's watchman, settin' thar in her golden cage for to spy who should rob the ripe fruitses. And thar she set slickin' of her fashetty feathers, pieded red-scarlet and green and yaller-gold, and the blue hackle of her beak combin' of her proud tail-piece.

" 'Ho, pish to ye! Jist a parrot-bird!'

"Jim retched up his hand agin and grabbed the apple off.

" 'I'll tell the King on ye!'

" 'I'll kill ye if ye do!'

"Away went the King's messenger and told the King, and back she flew agin.

" 'I *told* the King on ye.'

"Then Jim picked up a stone and killed the parrot-bird dead as four o'clock.

"So hit went out agin him, the King's warrant, which hit was death, or leave the country in three days.

"And the news of hit come to his pap, the ship-master, and he axed the King of his pardin.

" 'No, sirree!' says the King. 'No pardin for the one what has killt my watchman.'

"Then his pap he says to Jim: 'Jim,' he says, 'ye 're bound to leave here, or die. Leavin's better than dyin',' he says, 'so git out and go to Amerikee. Hit 's a wild country thar, but be a good boy and come back when ye kin.'

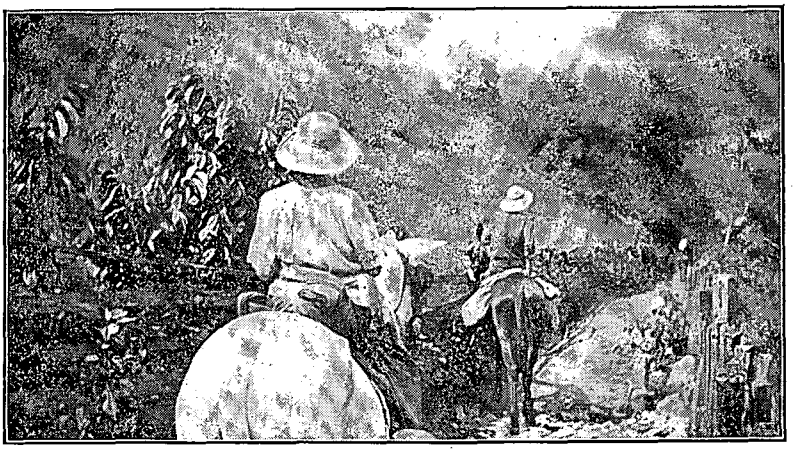
"And he put Jim aboard to one of his ships and paid his way acrosst the big water; and his maw, Rebeccy, grieved herself and died away soon arter then.

"So Grandsir' Jim he come to port to the city of old Richmond in Virginny. But he never didn't git back home no more. But he transmigrated through Verginny, and laid out in the Revolution war. And he come through to Kaintucky on the south-west trail, and come in here at the head of the Beech Fork and settled on Cutshin—the first man ever lived thar, and he war buried thar in A-prile, 1777.

"Yea, Sir! So ye see hit 's a parrot-bird what 's to blame of me gabbin' to ye here now!"

His store of such family biography was not limited to the "grandsir' " who came to America, but included the main line and cross connections of his intervening forebears in a rich flow of specific personal anecdote. To him some of these were as vivid in vicarious memory as the remembrance of his own mother and immediate family. In the mountains death is not a guillotine to dissever human relationships with instant oblivion. There personality sets through

(*Continued on page* 360)



Following the midsummer lure of the highland trail

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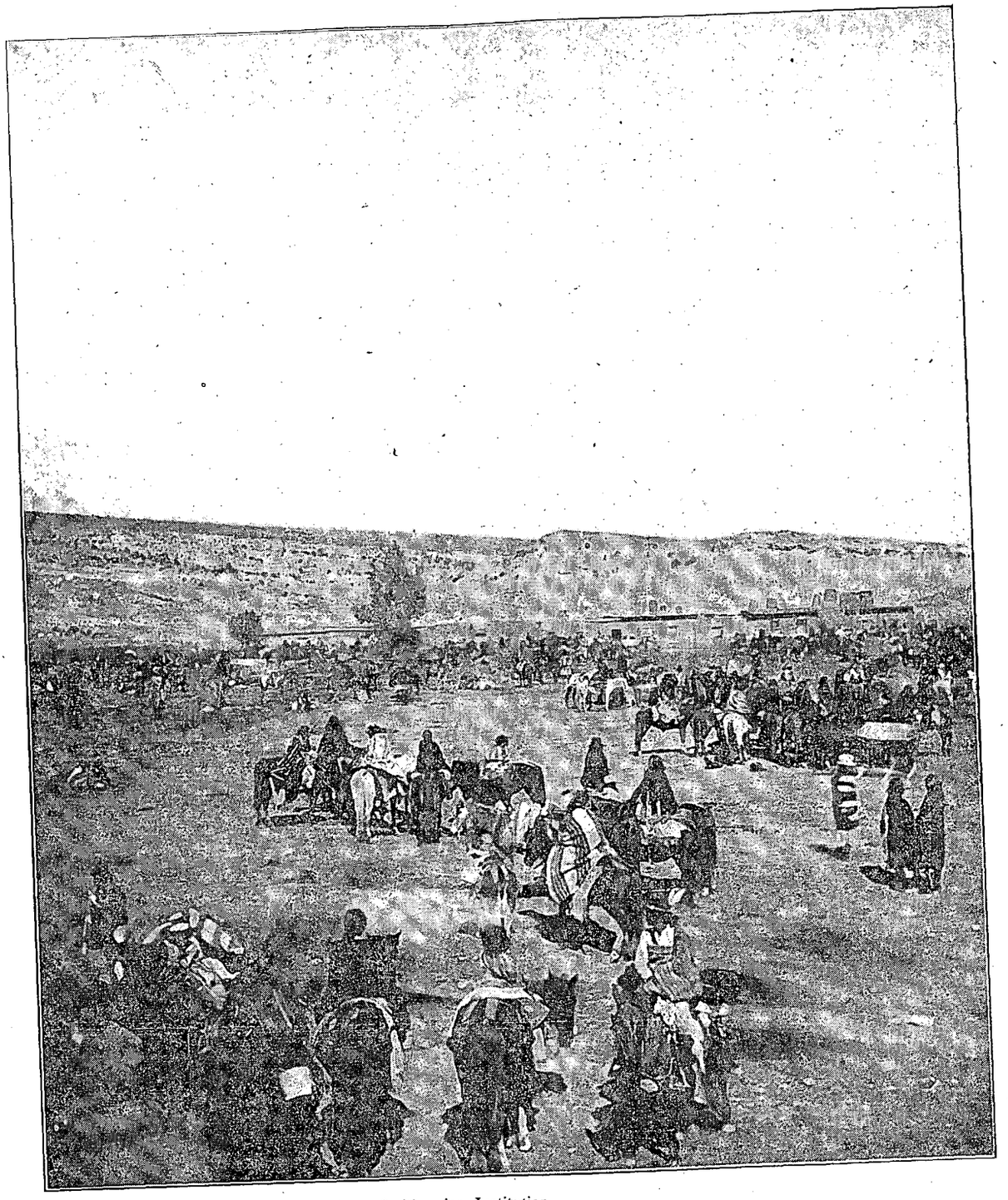

Photograph from the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

Far out in the wild, the Najavo lives in his spiritual eternities

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NAVAJOS

By JOHN COLLIER

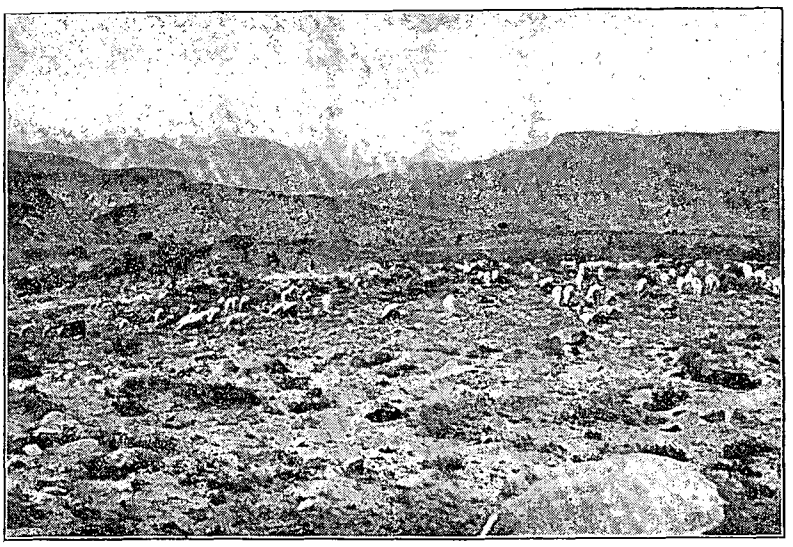
There are two chief Romances of the American Indian—two future romances among others less complete—which may partly retrieve the hundred Lost Romances, wasted or killed.

One is the romance of the Pueblos. The Survey *has dealt with them variously. The other, and maybe the greater and stranger romance, is that of the Navajos. They have been but little discussed. They remain as unapproachable through literature as they are physically elusive amid the canyons, mesas and glowing mountain wastes of their reservation. They are the largest intact Indian tribe—from* 32,000 *to* 36,000. *Their range of nearly* 20,000 *square miles is the biggest and least exploited Indian reservation.*

THE Navajo reservation is a domain half the size of France. It is a desert plateau, lying in New Mexico and Arizona and bordering Colorado and Utah. Its altitude is from six to nine thousand feet. Those who remember the country near the rim of the Grand Canyon and the country within the canyon can visualize it. But to the Grand Canyon picture there must be added great levels of sage-brush and again of yellow grass—grass where perhaps no sheep will be found, nor even the further-ranging wild horses, because drink-water is absent. Bounding and partly traversing the reservation at the south, is the Little Colorado river, sometimes no river and sometimes an appalling gush of ruddy water. Always, clear from horizon to horizon, stretches that Painted Desert landscape. Compared to it, even the Grand Canyon may appear oppressive and pallid. Perhaps it is the most ineffable note of landscape music ever heard on this planet, and all the 20,000 miles of the Navajo country echo with this beauty which rises again to supreme power in Monument Valley and around Navajo Mountain and again at the Rainbow Bridge northward from the reservation. The Navajos hear this music, gleam with its fire and move with its rhythms. Their common speech and formal recitative are dyed and transfigured by a landscape which to them is a living and acting Soul. It, and not the casual momentary *hogans* built and abandoned in a season, is the Navajo house and home; and the mystical and magical dominions of the imagination which inhabit this strange landscape are an effectual part of the Navajo social life.

Large mineral resources exist on the reservation. Aside from a billion tons, more or less, of near-to-the-surface coal, there is an oil-field lately discovered. Controversy has raged about the exploitation of this oil-field, already begun. The oil situation has occasioned the creation of a new tribal council of Navajos whose possibilities for usefulness are great. Oil likewise has brought about the beginnings of a reorganization of the Government's administrative system for the six Navajo jurisdictions. In deciding how the earnings from oil shall be dispensed, Congress must reconsider the whole subject of Navajo policy and administration; and this will mean a reconsideration of the Indian question. Aside from the oil question, Navajo life has reached a crisis because the reservation has become overpopulated. There must be a great enlargement of the reservation or a greatly increased productivity of the existing reservation, and this second result is within reach.

The Navajos are the Indian tribe within the United States who have kept their prehistorical culture-system most nearly unchanged and unweakened, even while making enormous changes in their economic and material life. They can still make enormous adjustments



Photograph by Dr. Gladys A. Reichard

In this region, irrigation must precede farming, nor can sheep graze more than four miles from water

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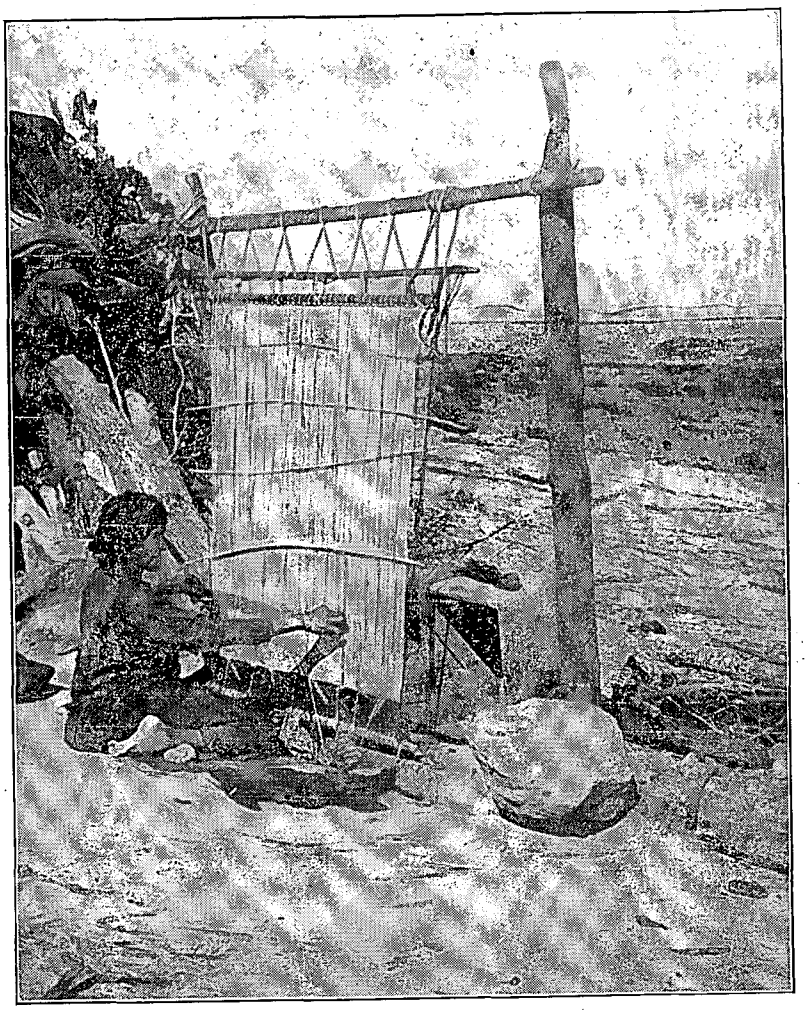

Photograph from the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

The soft, firm audacious beauty of Navajo blankets is woven on rough looms in the open air

and still keep their cultural synthesis intact. Like an unobtrusive, immeasurable artist, the Painted Desert which made them what they are, continues now to guard them and to re-create them in their ancient form. Not a mere average exhibit of human stuff, well-served or ill-served socially—the Navajos are not this. They are an eager and plastic race, eager to make practical adjustments. Yet merely to repeat the place-names which they have given to their indescribable and passionately loved desert is to enter into the classic art, not of any modern nation but of China or of Greece. A few among hundreds—thousands—of these place-names are as follows, literally translated: *Tangled Waters. The Buttes that Stand like Twin Stars. Where the Cranes Stand. Where Water Flows in Darkness Under the Rock. Lone Juniper Standing Between Cliffs. The Shumac Spring in the Black Mountain. Beautiful-Under-The-Cottonwoods.*

Occupying the Navajo reservation are the 35,000, more or fewer, members of the tribe, 2,200 Hopis, 1,100,000 sheep and goats, 50,000 cattle, and horses and burros variously estimated at 60,000; 300,000, and 340,000. These figures register the first phase of the Navajo problem. One may motor all day along the indefinite and very treacherous roads and may note only one or two slow-moving herds of sheep and perhaps now and then a corn-patch. Yet he will be told that the reservation is over-populated—congested.

Readers who do not know the great American desert may wonder at the statement, that with three hundred acres to every man, woman and infant, the reservation is over-populated. In this region, irrigation must precede farming, nor can any sheep graze more than four miles from water. It is incomprehensible how even the present population is sustained. The Board of Indian Commissioners reported in 1922: "That at the accepted minimum of required acreage for grazing, a steer or horse must have forty acres at least and a sheep or goat, eight acres." According to this, the sheep and goats alone would consume the whole Navajo range if there were drinking water everywhere. But there are thousands of square miles where drinking water has not yet been developed, and still there are 1,100,000 sheep and goats. Where do the 60,000 cattle and the legions of wild horses feed?

The answer lies partly in the unsuspected capacities for adaptation on the part of organic beings—men and beasts. It lies partly in the fact that Navajo life has defied reservation boundaries. Fires blazing before *hogans* can be seen at night on the deserts far from the reservation.

For the visitor will learn that the Navajos are increasing in numbers. In spite of infection with the white man's diseases, and of a medical neglect almost complete, this indomitable tribe increases rapidly. So here is the immediate phase of the Navajo question. Can the productivity of the reservation be increased—substantially increased, even multiplied?

Answering this question will be to answer the whole question of rural development for Indians, including the development of rural secondary industries and pin-money industries.

The Administration recognizes the problem, and has taken steps which, if carried to their logical conclusion, will solve it. The first step has been an expenditure for water development which, over a decade or longer, has totalled $1,100,000. The second, a recent step, has been the appointment of a Commissioner-General for the Navajo reservation as a whole. This Commissioner is Ex-Governor H. J. Hagerman of New Mexico. I had completed my Navajo observations before meeting Commissioner Hagerman. All over the reservation I had met

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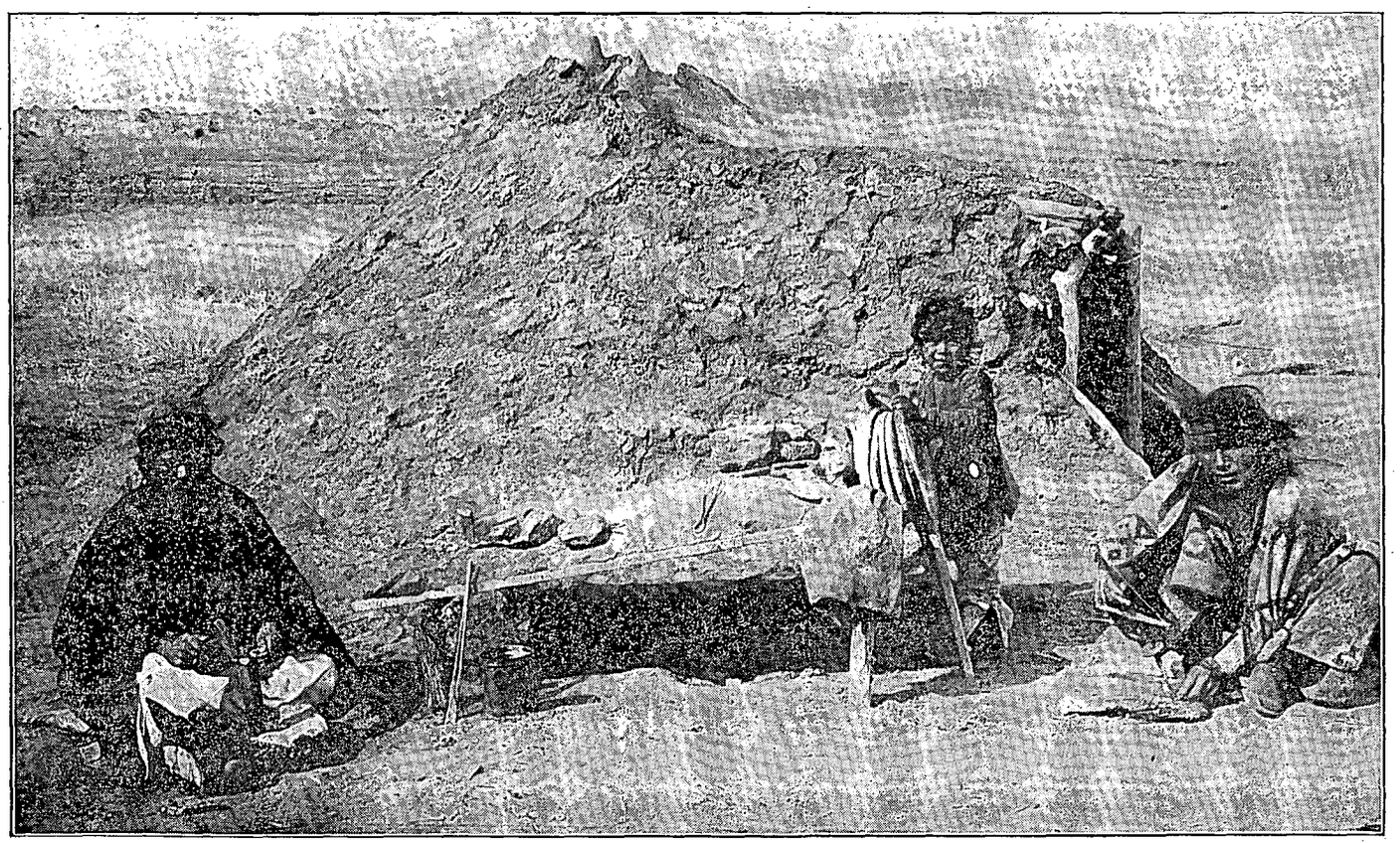
golden opinions of him, and I had become convinced that his handling of the difficult problem of leasing the Navajo oil-lands had been disinterested and efficient. In brief, Commissioner Hagerman is the Navajos' best present hope.

The Spaniards found the Navajos living much as the related Apaches lived until our own day. That is, as roaming warrior bands, a perpetual Damoclean sword hanging above the sedentary New Mexico and Arizona pueblos and the agricultural tribes of Southern Arizona. The Spaniards gave, or rather, the Navajos took, the horse, the sheep, and cattle; and around these, and later around the cottage industries, the Navajos reconstructed their material life. Navajo farming, conducted on the Hopi style, waned with the rise of the sheep industry and then increased when the ranges became over-grazed and when Uncle Sam (in very recent years) provided the beginnings of water development. With the passing of warfare, Navajo energies shifted to trade, and one of the amusements of the reservation today is the battle of wits between some two hundred competing white traders and the Navajos who, in unorganized individual trading, would drive a Syrian to despair. These white traders, by the way, are almost uniformly a strenuous, servicable and square-dealing lot of men, harsh toward one another often, but never harsh or philistine toward the Navajos.

The "subduing" of the Navajos took place in 1863-64, by United States troops under Kit Karson. The majority of the whole tribe were moved to a concentration camp. In the words of President Grant's Indian Peace Commission: "In the transporting of the prisoners to Bosque Redondo such great hardships and terrible exposures were experienced that many died, and the few who were allowed to retain their flocks and herds lost most of them in crossing the snow-covered mountains." Thereafter, for four years, an experience of White Man's frightfulness which would be only the dark story of a hundred tribes. No evidence of remembered bitterness from this experience is met among Navajos today. In 1867 General Sherman negotiated, and in 1868 the Senate confirmed, a treaty which allowed the Navajos to return to their desert home. The treaty reservation has been extended through various executive orders, until the area technically set apart for the Hopis and Navajos together is about 19,060 square miles, and for the Navajos alone is about 15,220 square miles. The Navajos share in the use of perhaps two million acres in addition to area technically theirs, and negotiations are now being pressed to incorporate a million of these acres in their undisputed reservation. As stated above, this vast area is overpopulated *under present conditions*. The Indian administrator has faced for many years this central problem: intensive development.

The situation differs from that which is found



Photograph from the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

At the door of his hogan of mud and brush, the Navajo silversmith plies his art in the bright sunshine

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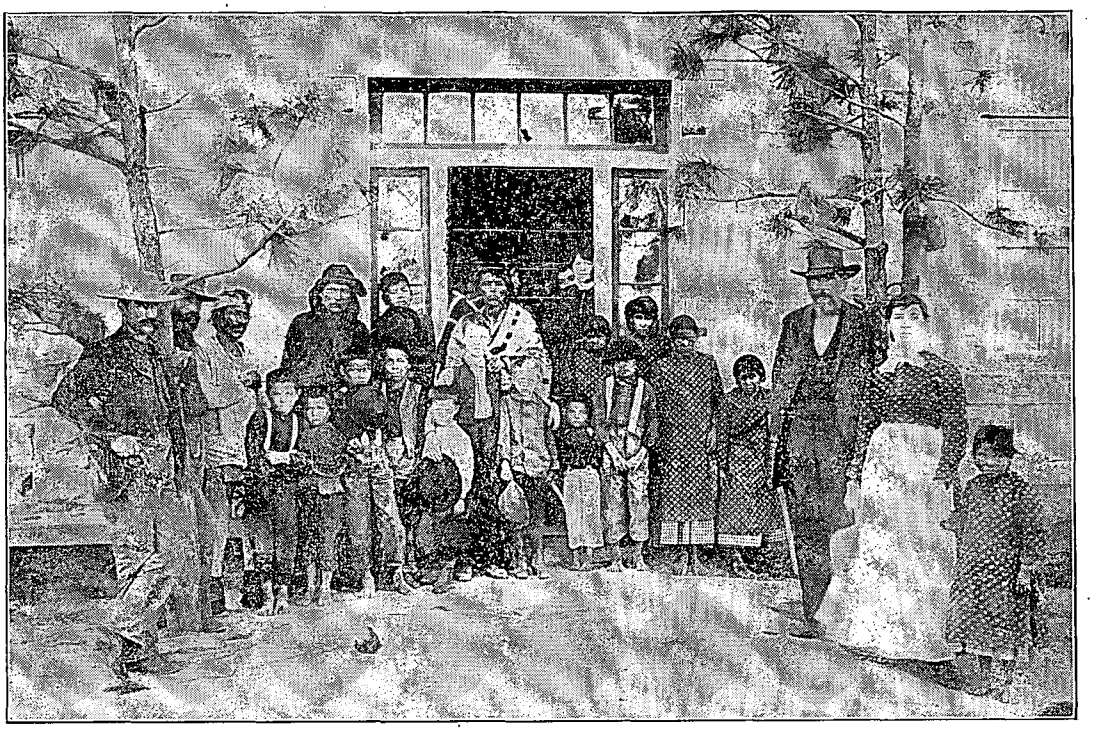
among the Pueblo Indians. Pueblo industry is almost completely involved with Pueblo civic organization; and Pueblo civic organization is involved with, and ultimately dependent on, the archaic, hidden, esoteric life. Unwise coercion has often been used. This has created an emotional and a reasoned resistance toward outside influence and toward change.

The case is different among the Navajos. The Pueblo *communally* entertains new practical proposals; the Navajo *individually* entertains them. Far out in the wild, the Navajo lives in his spiritual eternities which are not troubled by, and do not trouble, the secular and business adjustments.



Photograph from Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

The Navajo boys and girls, joyous children of the vast desert spaces, accustomed to the age-old worship of fire and moon ritual, the mythical lore of their people, the dances and songs, droop and shrivel in spirit when snatched away to the homesickness and dreary imprisonment of government schools where all is incomprehensible to them

Forecasting a Navajo industrial program, let us glance backward. For a decade or longer, the following have been the recognized elements in that program:

First. Increase in the number of wells for stock.

Second. Increase in the farming area through storage and through the conservation of spring-flow.

Third. Improvement in breeds of stock, especially of sheep.

Fourth. Agricultural education, organization and leadership, designed to insure the upkeep of wells, to insure the keeping of benefits resultant from breeding, and to increase and diversify the farming activity.

Fifth. Reduction in the number of horses, together with possible improvements of the breed.

Sixth. Management of the blanket and jewelry industry, with a view to conserving and even improving the arts and to establishing and widening the market.

The Indian Bureau has worked faithfully at the first and second requirements stated above. There has been necessary experimentation; there have been inevitable failures; but the work has been planned and sustained by men familiar with conditions in the field and guided by a long-range scientific interest. The productive value of a million acres or more has been added by these irrigation developments.

The third task stated above has been attempted spasmodically. It is debatable whether Navajo sheep are more hardy or whether they yield better meat than the sheep grazed by Mexicans on identical sorts of range in the Southwest and by some Navajos especially near the Eastern bounds of the reservation. It is admitted that the Navajo sheep produce only about one-third as much wool as the practicably improved breeds on near-by ranges. Here by itself is a possibility of adding fifty per cent to the productivity of the reservation.

As for task five above—while estimates of the number of semi-wild horses and burros vary enormously, all observers agree that the number is greatly in excess of requirements. It is stated by those who know the Navajo best, that the Indians would not oppose the sterilization of stallions. A remedy for horse over-population is thus at hand. Horses and burros of course take the feed which sheep and cattle might claim.

Agricultural organization and craft development are central to everything else—here we enter the field of the management of human beings as distinct from the engineering of physical improvements. And here we encounter results so meager that they spell failure. Furthermore, when we study the

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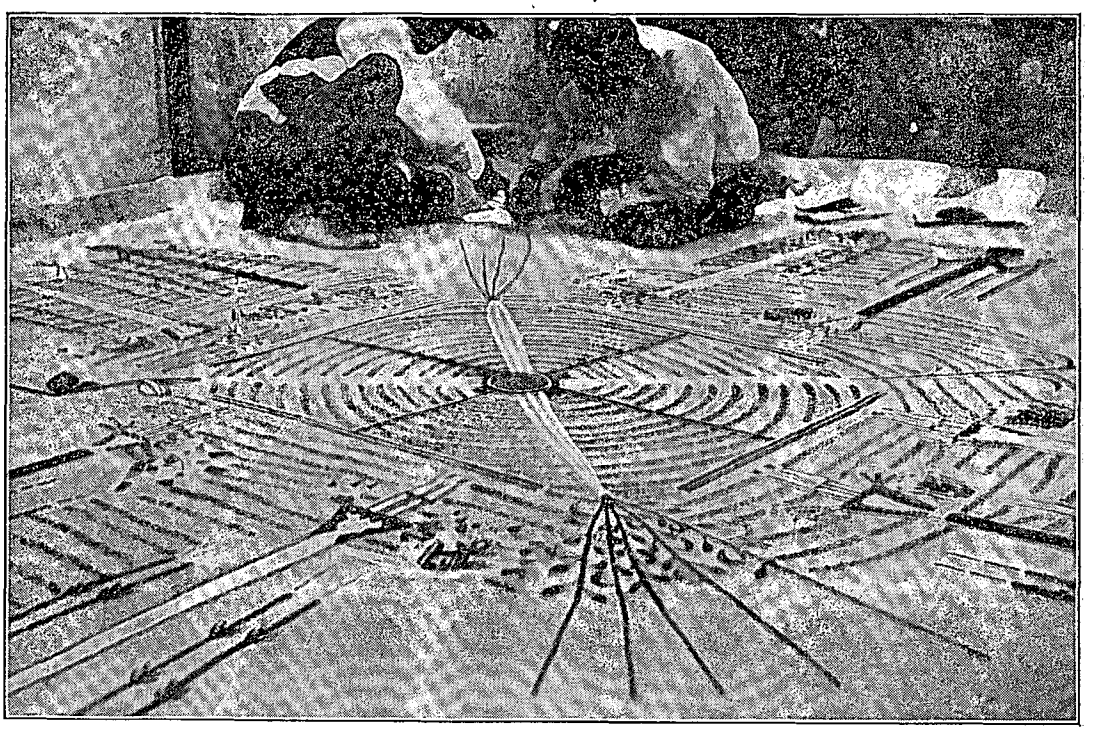
mechanisms for getting results we see the impersonal reasons for the failure.

The Indian Bureau combines the function of trustee over Indian property with that of guardian over Indian person; and all the myriad social service operations of government are, for the Indian, conducted by the Indian Bureau. Far from the critical eye; immune from competition; supreme over those whom it serves, its "wards"; ceaselessly harassed by political pressure from localities, which is registered in Congress: thus the Indian Bureau has travailed along, decade following decade, un-reorganized rather than un-regenerate since its beginning. This condition limits equally the Indian and the field employee of the Indian Bureau—the field employee whose punitive power over the Indians is great, but whose freedom of initiative usually is non-existent, and who neither possesses the facilities to do his work well nor is permitted to reach out to other state and federal bureaus and get the needed facilities. The octopus of bureaucracy which first grasped the Indians has grasped also the Indian Bureau workers in the field, and hungry still, he has grasped the bureau chiefs at Washington and has established his own mastery over the legislative processes in Congress. His existence and his omnipotence serve well the exploiting interests which are seeking to reduce the Indian estate, but to the Indians he is frustration and doom, and equally he is a frustration to the fine human nature and the mental liveliness which exist abundantly among the thousands of Indian Bureau employees from top to bottom of his anomalous service.

The Indian administrative system, in its relationship to the reservations and to the outside world, is fundamental to all else in the Indian question. The Bureau of Municipal Research made a complete study of the system for President Taft and for a joint committee of Congress. The report was suppressed—even a single typewritten copy was not allowed to go into the Congressional Library (for the octopus is ever watchful). The Bureau in 1915 printed a summary of its findings and this can be read by those anxious for details of Indian administration.

The reservation is one problem, viewed from the business angle. The fifty-odd clans are all reservation-wide, and the Navajos wander regardless of arbitrary jurisdiction lines. But there are six jurisdictions, and heretofore each one of the six has swung from a peg in Washington and has cooperated with the other jurisdictions chiefly by clashing with them violently. When to this condition is added the lack of functionalization of services with staff-and-line organization, and the frequent absence of coordination among bureau-chiefs at headquarters, the administrative condition of the Navajos becomes readily understood. The statement is not a criticism of any present or past administration. It describes an accumulation of seventy years. As already mentioned, the present Administration has faced the realities and has started to deal with them realistically. While well begun, the Navajo reconstruction is only at its beginning.

Briefly but specifically. The first Government "stockman" whom I talked with on the reservation—a splendid type humanly he was, too, with a fine relationship with the Indians—assured me that sheep-breeding was useless and that the legions of unused horses were economically valuable as meat.



Very different is the schooling at home on the reservation where the young Navajo is initiated into the fascinating mysteries of "sand paintings," those marvellous magic pictures made of colored sands, which must be scattered and destroyed before sundown to avert evil. Here he learns to practice the patience and fine craftsmanship of the true artist under the happiest conditions

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I found no superintendent or trader or other informed observer to agree with him; yet he represented such leadership as there was in matters agricultural for a whole jurisdiction. What I did find was a veritable chaos of conflicting opinions and impressions of fact, among superintendents, traders and all, which expressed the absence of scientific inquiry or of official concept or policy in all years preceding 1923. The irrigation service, as I have stated, presents a striking exception to the above. Also, practical ideas abound among superintendents and traders alike; among the superintendents in the summer of 1923 there were three men at least (there may have been others) who, if given freedom of initiative and provided with needed specialists, could have done for the whole reservation such work as Superintendent Campbell is now doing for the long-abused and now greatly blest Blackfoot Indians of Montana.

In 1920, of 3,000 Blackfeet, 2,200 were on the free rations list of the Government. By methods familiar to observers of the farm bureau movement of the Department of Agriculture, these Indians were brought up as farmers with such a rush that today they are exporting carloads of surplus produce. Conditions had grown intolerable and wide publicity had ensued; their extreme misery brought to the Blackfeet this inrush of the modern kind of agricultural aid. In the heart of their reservation, at Black Mountain, the Franciscan Father Berard has demonstrated through the Navajos all that Superintendent Campbell has demonstrated through the Blackfeet.

Of Navajo blankets, only a word. The annual sales are above $500,000. The market at present is glutted. Why? One goes to the Natural History Museum or the Chicago Field Museum and afterward does not forget the soft, firm, audacious beauty of design and the ecstasy of color of those blankets made by women now dead on rough looms in the open air. Then he will search through the two hundred fifty tons of blankets held for sale at Gallup (made by living women and men, just as before on rough looms in the open air) and will find no parallel of these museum specimens lovelier than any flower. He will learn that most of these blankets at Gallup were bought *by weight* from the Navajos. The commercial market minus commercial imagination has done its work. To state the problem is to imply its answer. Years ago, Lorenzo Hubbel, famous Navajo trader, demonstrated the answer on the reservation. He discriminated in his purchases; he furnished the Navajos with water-color models of the finer blankets; he advertised. Every Navajo trader has a stake in the solution of this crafts problem; the Navajos have a critical stake; leadership by the Government would bring swift results.

Saying only that identical reasoning would apply to the jewelry of Navajos and Pueblos and to the pottery and basketry of many tribes (each of them a still-living art surpassed by nothing similar in any race ancient or modern), and adding that the time is brief if action is not to be too late, we will pass to Navajo health and Navajo schools.

Little is known with statistical definiteness about Navajo diseases. Vital statistics are not kept on the reservation, and rarely has the sick Navajo a contact with doctor or nurse. Fewer than 3,500 of the 10,000 children are at school, and medical service practically is limited to the schools, where usually it is meager. Untreated trachoma afflicts every part of the reservation, and the tuberculous death-rate is many times higher than among the whites of the registration area. Preventable childbed and infant mortality is excessive. Dental and other specialized medical services are not attempted. Syphilis, destroyer of racial tissue, is believed to be of slight incidence among the Navajos. The above cold statement gives little idea of the human anguish due to the sweeping medical neglect—blindness, the death of children sent home from school to die, the needless death of mothers. . . . The diet is meager; its improvement waits on agricultural diversification and food education. In the long winter storms, a dozen Navajos will crowd a single *hogan*. Individuals constantly move from place to place and hospitality is universal. An infectious disease quickly becomes endemic under such conditions. Still the tribe increases, for its birth-rate is high and its virility is intense. Is the Shaman—the Medicine Man—effective after all? The Navajos practise a highly developed psychotherapy, and the limits of the power of Faith are not yet finally known.

Navajo schools! here it is difficult to write with moderate words. Here is a wild Navajo girl or boy. Since babyhood he has coped with the rigors and breathed the immense air of this unearthly plateau where one travels for hours and sees not one house but only the slow-wandering sheep or the horses singly or in herds. He has spoken only his Navajo language, which is music, and has begun to enter that gleaming world of mythical lore, of dance and song, magical practices, fire-ritual and dawn and moon-ritual, which is the real inward world of his people. Suddenly he—or she—is snatched away to a life of heart-break, prisoned in a vast institution, to work half of each day at mechanical useful pursuits (useful to the school) and to "study" half the day in books which contain nothing that this child, if he survives his schooling, will ever meet again. Perhaps this school will be located in a terribly hot place—the killing, unchanging heat of Phoenix. Perhaps it will be on the reservation, but the reservation school will be even more dreary, more void and spiritually depressing than the older

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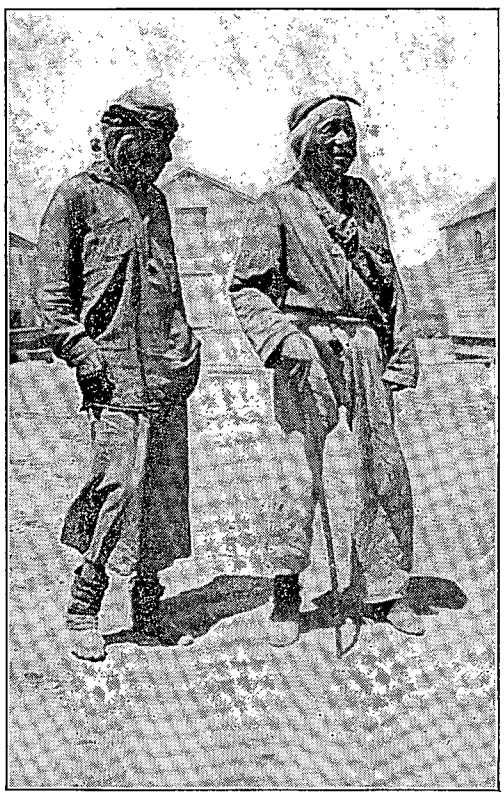
and better-equipped Phoenix or Riverside school.

In the school, cross-infections of every sort will be waiting for the homesick child. There his spirit will droop, will shrivel, for such, human and servicable though the management be, is the intention of the school. His "barbarism" and "heathenism" will have no place. His language will have no place. He, child of a religion world-old and undimmed, will be forced to learn an alien creed. Oh, the blindness that is in human beings; and the never-voiced anguish and sorrow of these thousands of children who inarticulately feel the soul being killed out of them and no soul given in return.

The doom lifts, after a while; the adolescent is freed to return home. The leaf



Trachoma afflicts many on the Navajo reservation and medical attention is woefully inadequate

deprived of its greenness, the flower that has lost its carmine, freshens again. The desert air and activity produce their effect and that sunlight "which never was on sea or land," the spiritual heritage of the Navajo, wakens the buried temperament and soul into life. The child has brought little back from those years so violent and bizarre, though there was much that he needed to bring; but his birthright has not vanished while he was away. In many cases a veritable amnesia, including an aphasia for English words, seems to sweep the bitter years and all their evil and good tracings out of the child's soul. He hears and learns and perhaps sings, and comes in that elusive way of

Photograph from Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution

The ancient Navajo

the Navajo to live by those lines of the Night Chant which have been translated by Dr. Washington Matthews—the Night Chant, one of those enormous rituals lasting nine nights, one of many scores of Navajo rituals:

> "In the house of long life, there I wander.
> In the house of happiness, there I wander.
> Beauty before me, with it I wander.
> Beauty behind me, with it I wander.
> Beauty below me, with it I wander.
> Beauty above me, with it I wander.
> Beauty all around me, with it I wander.
> In old age travelling, with it I wander.
> On the beautiful trail I am, with it I wander."

Let us return to the Navajo's economic situation. Foremost in its bearing on the future—for good or evil—is *oil,* which has been found inside and outside the reservation line, around the northeast corner. Apparently the Navajo oil-field is self-contained and cannot be drained from outside the reservation. The question of segregating this oil for a naval reserve has not properly concerned the Department of the Interior. The oil so far discovered (through the Midwest Company's wells) is of a very high grade. Whether the field is very large, or only practicably large, is not yet proved. The bidding on oil leases on October 15th was not conclusive, many tracts not (*Continued on page* 363)

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Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

Like two tall sentinels, the palmettoes guarded the home of Aunt Rachel on Corner Plantation

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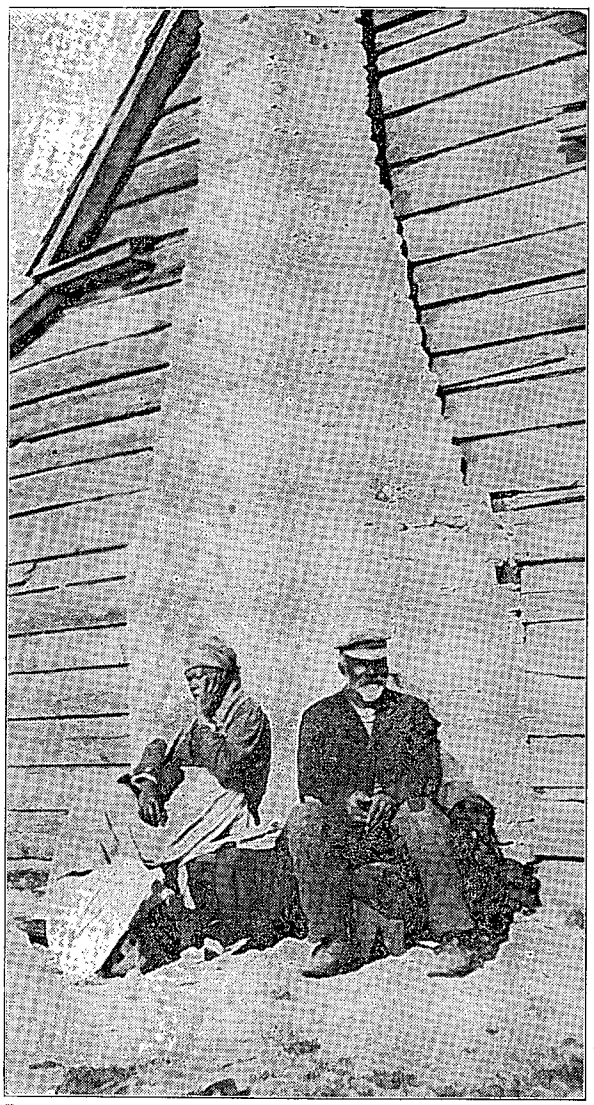
THE HOMES OF THE FREE

III. From Slave Hut to Home

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

IT seemed like a contradiction that our first problem to meet when we went to a Sea Island to live should be the water supply. At first we "toted" the water from the well down by the roadside which had sufficed Penn School children and the passersby for over fifty years. Then came the well driven nearer our own kitchen, and we could pump the water to that one place and carry from there. Up to this point our own experiences exactly tallied with those of our Island neighbors, and we learned the true measure of the necessities and comforts of life.

The coming of our water works four years later was an Island event. Why we should take so much trouble was a mystery—God furnished water as near as twelve feet from the surface in some places. But trenches were dug—by Penn School girls; pipes were laid and septic tanks constructed—by Penn School boys—and finally with a combination of farmer, carpenter, girls and boys, and the experts who came from "off Island," the tank was in place fifty feet up, the little two-horse engine began its service, the water ran and we were rich people! I couldn't begin to tell of the long delays in striking water that would stand the chemical test for drinking purposes. Once we struck salt water and had to pull up and begin again. On St. Helena, only sand and marl appeared as we drilled and drilled almost to a thousand feet. I had begun to fear we should see the Chinese pigtails when at last we were rewarded with success. The children who dug the trenches thought that the water would flow through the sand into the house. The new white enamel bathtub was mistaken for "de tank" till the 10,000 gallon reservoir arrived! The people stopped by every day, and one bit of praise for doing the work, I received and remember. "O Missus Cooley, yo' so wholesome!"



Photograph by Frances Foote Cornish

The old people who have crept out from the shadow of slavery have kept the fire which Freedom lit with its torch glowing on their mud hearths. For it has been in their homes that they have guarded the embers of a smoldering liberty

When Aunt Binah came to see me one morning sometime after the new system was finished, she looked up at the tank and said, rather scornfully I felt, "W'at de good o' him? I ben watch him ebery day. He ain't do a ting yit." I took her to the corners of the house where we had the big spiggots for the fire hose and explained to her the plan—how we could use either side according to the wind. I took her to the kitchen and turned the water on for her to see. She dropped on her knees saying, "Tank God, I lib to see dis day."

Possibly it was the mystery of it that bore in upon her—this drawing of water from a pipe as startling to her as would have been the gush from the rock when Moses struck his rod. Perhaps it was the promise it held of release from drudgery, to a woman to whom water toting had been part of the inexorable burden of life, a most spectacular innovation in domestic economy—a vantage point from which we could review in perspective the evolution of household equipment.

With us on St. Helena, the only relics of the slave "Street" are patches of oyster shells, turned up by the plow, which like the "kitchen middens" of an ancient city mark where once stood the regular rows of plantation cabins. They were usually built quite close together, small shelters for the group upon whom the cotton crops depended. "Our first work,"

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wrote Miss Towne, who founded Penn School in 1862, "was to visit the people in their homes."

The houses were of frame, clapboarded, with small windows, shuttered, not glazed; some of the chimneys were of brick, some of mud and sticks. The floors were sand and lime, beaten hard and worn in hollows. At one side was the open hearth and wide chimney, but the fires were small, the woods being carefully preserved by the owners. Large cracks under the doors let in a rush of keen air in winter. There were two or three bunks in each cabin for the grown people, but the younger ones slept on heaps of filthy rags on the floor with a blanket to cover. The household utensils consisted of one pot, in which they cooked their hominy or peas with salt pork. Occasionally a frying pan was seen. I speak of the field Negroes, not the house servants. In such homes, spoons there were none, but long, well worn oyster shells served the purpose. The elders first helped themselves from the hominy pot, then it was given to the children, who finished all that could be easily scraped out. Then the dogs worked at it for hours! Cleanliness, neatness, home life were impossible; everything spoke of discomfort and misery.

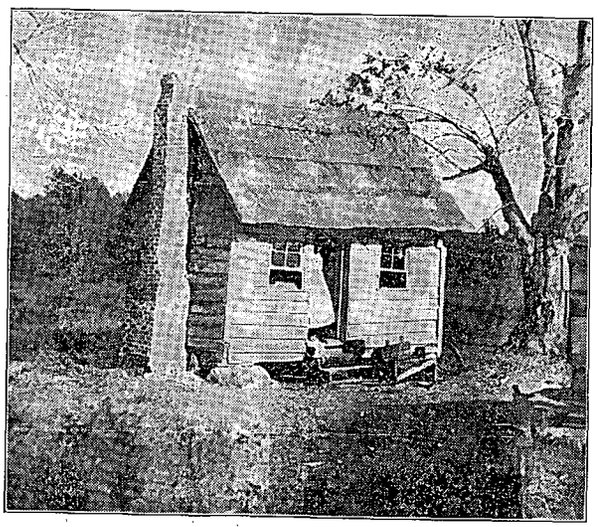
"And yet," she could add, "a happier, jollier set of people was never seen; song and laughter prevailed."

Old Uncle Carolina added his own bit to the picture one bright morning as he sat on my office porch. He had rowed from Oaks Plantation in a leaky bateau, bringing the baskets he had "built," for these baskets made of the river rushes and sewed with strips of palmetto were all that could keep the wolf from his door! When he found out that we would buy them, he worked so faithfully that I began to fear our little attic would soon be too full of baskets to allow entrance to any one or anything. Constant and rather ridiculous problems confront one daily when trying to help people to help themselves!

FROM SLAVE HUT TO HOME—STAGES OF PROGRESS ON THE SEA ISLANDS

Photographs by Leigh Richmond Miner

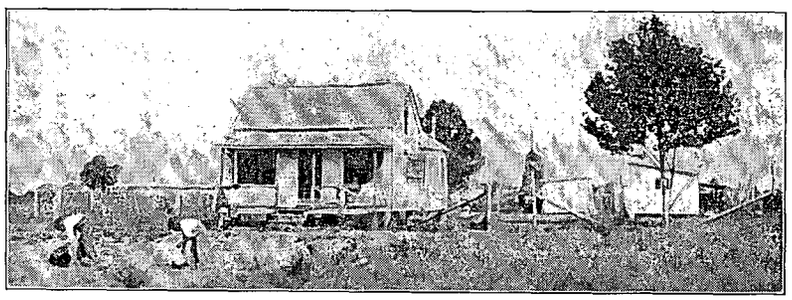
The one-room cabin with its mud and stick chimney had only wooden shutters



Two rooms and a weather-tight roof—a brick chimney and glass windows

But to get back to the "Street." "We had two streets of houses," said he. "It wasn't a rough time for me in slavery. Yo' see I ate from de table. Sence, I had to scuffle fo' myself," (and Carolina had proved himself a poor "scuffler" for he had not been able to hold on to the land and home left him by his parents). "I might as well tell oonuh, I well off wid de white people. Dey all right, only driver bery rough. He ben a cole black man. We all gits up fo' dayclean, my father ben head man obuh plow han's, an' my mother in de fiel' wid de hoe. We lib in de "Street" bery well. One chimney house, one room. Cuffy and me sleep in loft on moss, kiver wid blanket, for Maussuh gib one to parents an' one to chillun. Parents sleep on board bed nailed up side ob de house, on moss too."

With freedom came the opportunity to buy land and so these field hands were the first of their race



A Penn School graduate built this home, with its porch, a well-equipped kitchen, attractive bedrooms and living room

in America to become real estate owners. The federal government handled the crops for over a year. The Southern owners did not return to claim the land, and it was finally sold at tax sales, broken up into ten-acre farms, which the Negroes bought on easy terms, and later the original owners received the proceeds of the sale less the taxes owed. With this ownership of the acres has come the self-respect which today strikes the visitor to the Island.

The little homes are now scattered over the plantations. Rarely are they built near the main roads, but you must travel along grass-grown lanes to them, often over very uncertain little bridges built across the ditches. They are white-washed, with trimmings of blue, green or purple, showing the Negroes' love of color, and fitting into the background of marsh, field, tall pines and spreading oaks. They stand on stilts of palmetto logs or brick as the case may be, for in our sandy soil no cellar is dug—the water is too near the surface.

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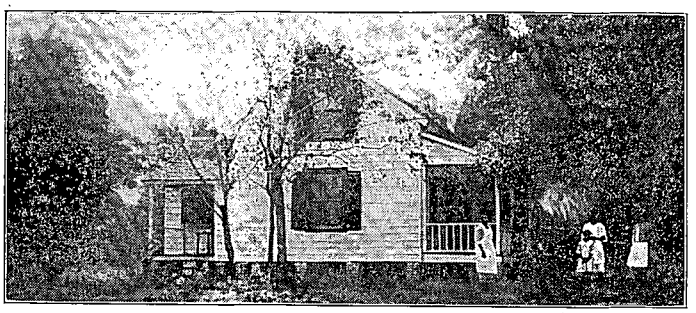
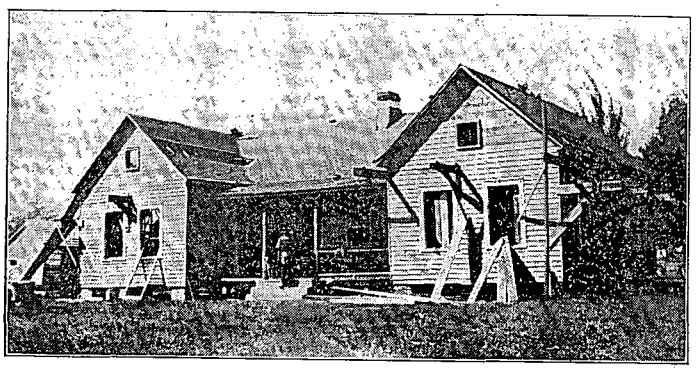
Here and there, one will find the one-room house where the old grandmother may be living. On our islands we never use the word "cabin," which is significant, for these people jumped from the "Street" to their own homes. The old people prefer to live separately, even if it means only a one-room house, rather than to go in "wid de gang o' chillun." But even the smallest houses are usually divided by a partition which separates sleeping and living rooms. Where, in these older structures, glass windows have not taken the place of the wooden shutters, the interiors seem as dark as a pocket when you enter from the bright sunshine outside. To the shuttered occupants, the choice lies between all the light and air or none, and we can have cold weather and searching winds on the Island. Always is the cry for "bed-din'!" We long for old blankets and quilts as the forty-niners longed to see gold. I remember one old man on Dathaw Island who had one quilt in the house for his two "grands" and himself, and the "grands" crying all night with the cold. We had to send to the store and buy a quilt to send over by our nurse, or else stay awake in our own warm beds! How it made me wish we could raid people's attics!



Gantt Cottage which won Second Prize in National Better Homes Demonstration of 1923

Home of the Island's physician, built and owned by a Penn School boy who came back to St. Helena from Howard Medical School to serve his people



One of the new Better Homes Demonstrations now being built. A bathroom and a study, as well as a guest room, are included in the plan

On our sea island off the Carolina Coast it can be so warm in the summer an "aig can cook in de sand same like a cook-stove." That is the better weather for the very poor. But on the other hand it can be so cold that even snow is occasionally seen. Isaiah —eight summers old—awoke one night to see something strange and white lying on the floor. He jumped out of bed and put the white something to his mouth. It was snow that had drifted in through the open places in the old house, and he cried as he went back to bed, "Oh, I ben so disappint. I tink he ben gradulated sugar!" So our horizons expand.

It was Luther, a boy from a Negro community which Santa had always failed to visit in person, who wrote to his mother:

I would like to know how you all enjoyed your Christmas. Why, I had a nice time because I saw something that I had never seen before. I saw Santa Claus walk across the floor and I had never seen him before. What you think about that? It pays a man to leave home sometimes, my mother, and he will see more and learn more.

When Community Maud and Jubilee, our two school horses, carried us to Aunt Betsy's home, we had to pick up a small boy to show us the little path that wound off from the road. It was picturesque in its setting of live oaks and moss. We found her and her house tumbling to pieces, and we wondered which would go first, for Aunt Betsy was well over eighty. The poor old soul told us that she could not keep warm in bed! The quilt that had come down in one of our "welcome barrels" made her so happy that she got right down on her knees and thanked God and the friends then and there most fervently. No wonder she could not keep warm! Daylight could be seen in the roof over her head, and the quilt she had was so full of holes you could not have lifted it without increasing their number. You forget the picturesque side of it when you face poverty like that.

A house on the same plantation, and near Aunt Betsy's, registered an advance over the one-room home. It had a general living-room, one bedroom and a small lean-to kitchen. In the bedroom was one double bed, for the father and mother. But the six head of children had to bundle themselves up as well as they might and sleep on the floor in front of the fireplace, much as was done in slavery days. There are still too many homes like this. And oh, so often in these homes, crowded to the brim, we

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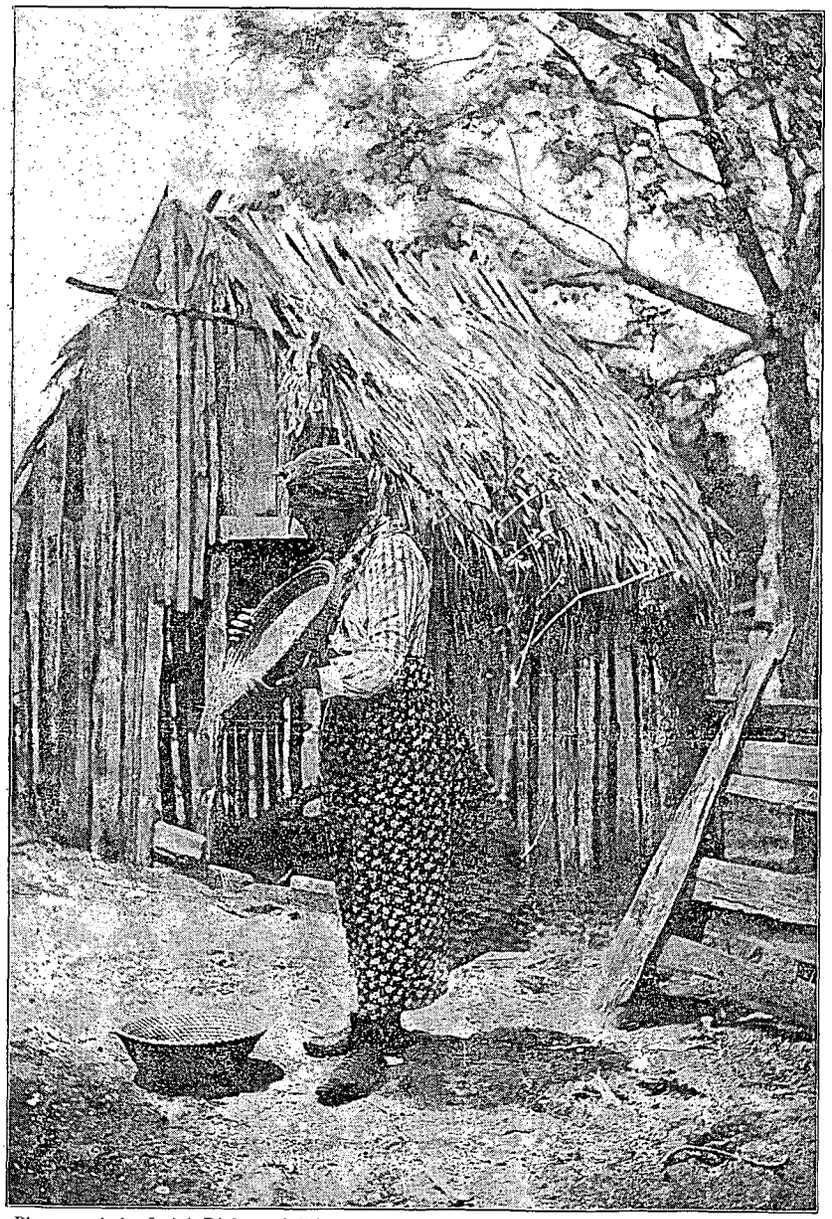
find, as I have brought out elsewhere, that they have added to their own number by adopting the "mud-derless."

Today the majority of the homes on the Island register another stage in family fortunes. They are story-and-a-half houses. Here we find the bedroom and living-room, with a hall running through the house, and with the dining-room and kitchen built on at the rear, sometimes a combination, and sometimes divided. In the "jump-up," reached by a little flight of stairs, there are one or two bedrooms where the children usually sleep, and so, if the family has not outgrown its home, there can be privacy. Yet as we studied the homes and became acquainted with the families in them, we found that too rarely are new rooms added as the children grow in number and in size. And so big brothers and sisters grow weary of the crowded quarters, and go to the cities for money and excitement. The cramped quarters of the rural home have a great deal to do with the city problem!

When old Uncle Jim came over from Dathaw Island for some "drinkin' medicine," he was thunderstruck at the sight of Hampton House, the cottage built for the two white principals. "Jes' one step from Heaven," he murmured. He had never seen a stove, and my typewriter petrified him. "I sure ben to de city," said he as he started off, and when I thought of his half hour's row in a clumsy bateau through a winding tide river with the marshes on either side, to a little island where a small group of Negroes live on land that does not belong to them, and in homes that are not so good as ours on St. Helena, I realized more than ever that all things are relative! Why St. Helena could seem like the city to him. Why in turn there is that lure in Savannah and Charleston and Atlanta and after them the cities of the North to our young Islanders.



Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

Fanning the rice—one of the uses of Island baskets woven in the African way

Country school teachers should spend a good proportion of their time in the homes, if they are to have the background they need for their work. Surely education ought to fit the home. And in taking up some of the forces through which we have sought to help raise the level of our Island homes, let us look at a few of the elements that go into their makeup.

"If you'll jes' gib me a few ole boa'd an' brick for build me a li'l house," is the modest call made by the old who long for their own fireplace. That fireplace is the center of every home. In the most primitive relics of the days that followed the "Street" you will see the chimneys made of mud and sticks, clinging to the side of the house with no very firm hold and often losing their hold as they and the occupant grow old together. When the home is absolutely down, there is no chimney and fire is made on sand in one corner of the room; but only a few such homes have we found, for the Negroes try to take care of their poor. Occasionally you will see an old brick chimney standing up against the evening sky. It looks like a monument! And it is! Sometimes it means that the house has been moved to a more desirable house plot, sometimes it stands for the failure of a family. It was once the very center of the home, and I never see one without wondering whether the family tried to raise its standards too quickly, before the land could give them economic freedom?

The fireplace of mud in the slave hut

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required but a simple equipment; usually an iron pot, perhaps the oyster shells for spoons, and often the household baskets, made, I have been told, by those "hands" who brought from Africa the craft of making them watertight. They had long been used only as farm baskets when we first made their acquaintance, for why take the trouble to make them watertight, when a tin pail could be bought for ten cents?

The simple diet which went with the fireplace of mud and sticks—grits and white meat with the additions of sea food and sweet potatoes—has persisted in a measure among the old. We found the sweet potato being fed even to a two-days old baby! Miss Murray, who shared with Miss Towne all those early experiences immediately after the coming of freedom, tells of Mira who at the age of three was cooking for herself.

Mira had never seen a table cloth nor fork. If she ran to her mother and said, "I hungry," her mother put in her hand a huge, raw, sweet potato, which the three-year-old child would deftly tuck into the hot ashes in the fireplace and, sitting down beside it, wait with the patience of her race till by some intuition she knew that it was cooked. Then she would break it open, and hot, smoking, mealy, though she had neither salt nor butter, it was a meal not to be despised.

With the coming of freedom, cotton farming did not lend itself to a demand for variety. The routine was not easily broken. It was easier to buy the cans of food from the merchant's shelves with the cash that came to hand when the cotton was sold than to work a home garden. For two generations following slavery there was no opportunity to learn how to cook nor how to can food. But primitive standards have given way, and now many kitchens have their stoves and adequate equipment. We brought cooking into the school curriculum and demands for a more varied diet, sure signposts of progress, began to increase.

But there was no enthusiasm for the "garden stuff" at the beginning. Greens were considered fit food for the stock! And they gained favor very slowly. Grits and white meat, with sweet potatoes, still held first place. Thus it was that the hot school lunch—cooked by the girls in the cooking classes and eaten by the crowd of children who had taken the long walks from their plantation homes—became an educational force. A longer step was taken when the cooking teacher began to go out to the homes and help the mothers raise tomatoes for home use and canning. Many a tomato plant began its rather uncertain career in the cotton fields, for there all the fertilizer had been put and the plants had a better chance than near the house where one naturally pictures a garden. Gardens, granted a right to share in the supply of fertilizer, have taken their place in the scheme of things now, and home canned fruit and vegetables have found their way to the tables.

Fortunately, our first efforts for a tomato crop were a success. When they were ripe the women came to school every day to use the school's canner and to learn from the cooking teacher all she knew about the art of canning. Neighbors on the plantations would unite and bring their product in an ox-cart, working together in the school grove in the preparation and the cooking. They were at it from dayclean till dark, a jolly crowd, sitting under the great pines chatting and singing, and passing on all

Photograph by Francis R. Cope, Jr.

Dredging for shrimps, a staple of the Island diet. Uncle Sam Polite casting his net in much the same way as the fisher of Bible times

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Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

Grinding grits—corn was the every day food of the "Street." Some of the old grindstones are still to be found which in plantation days were turned by hand far into Saturday night, after the week's work in the field was done

the Island news. At noontime a few were assigned to prepare the lunch and they would disappear to the school kitchen and have all the fun of using the big range and the full equipment. The women always "threw up" a nickel or dime to cover expenses and so relieve the school of what might have been a burden, and the luncheon committee always saw to it that the kitchen was left as immaculate as they found it. And I wonder if the school kitchen did not have as great a fundamental value as many books.

These women who raised the tomatoes, who carried home the bright shining cans, who enjoyed the lunch at school, naturally became the apostles of the new diet. They began to see their gardens carry over through the winter months, and they had a community responsibility to meet. The work had to spread over more of the Island area; it was not always practicable for some of their neighbors to come to school; sometimes there was only a little to can and it did not seem worth while to travel so far. So canning clubs were born. This meant that each team "threw up" the money for a club canner, owned and used by all, kept safely at the captain's house where the club would usually meet. The women who had learned canning passed on the knowledge and so the work, started under the trees by the schoolhouse, goes on in the yards of the homes where it normally belongs. "I was hungry and ye fed me," said a great Teacher over 1,900 years ago.

At the Farmers' Fair in the autumn, when the men exhibit their farm crops the women exhibit their home products, and the clubs and the school girls now make rows and pyramids of fruits and vegetables in tins and in glass. Glass jars have grown in popularity, for they can be used from year to year, a good exercise in thrift, and "they look so pretty" too.

NEXT to the chimney, symbol of cookery and all that diet stands for in the life of the rural home, comes the well as a tool of home life. Very few of our homes have water nearer than a well in the yard or field. As we ourselves waited four years for water works and plumbing in Hampton House, we know how difficult it is to keep up sanitary standards when water has to be carried from the field. In our desire to keep well and defeat any possible germs, which, as Clarinda said in her hygiene class one day, "get in de stomeck an' hatch dar," we even went so far as to boil all our drinking water.

Since our own experience with the water problem —and I am glad we had it—I have never ceased to wonder how the people manage to keep as clean as they do. Saturday is our wash day for fabrics and the human form as well, for all must be in readiness for Sunday. Yes, I wonder at it, and I do not believe it is due to training. I believe it is racial. Many people will not agree. Perhaps, they are thinking of the poorer Negroes' quarters in town where dwellings are crowded together, where the water supply may be, even in these enlightened days, from a pump in the alley, where people live crowded together, six in a room. They really have less

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chance at soap and civilization than our Sea Islanders here in the open. In the buckets on our little stoves or in the pots on the fireplaces, Saturday night brings the bath water for every member in the family from Uncle Sam to Freezie, and on Saturdays the landscape is bright with the many-colored clothes and bedspreads hanging out on the fences, the yuccas, and the clothes lines. Lace curtains have taken a place of honor beside the bedspread, with the coming in of sash windows. They are used in the chancel of their churches as well as in their homes.

The first floors were of earth, then came the wooden floors, and I am glad they have jumped the carpeting stage. The younger housekeepers are using rugs, a few of them being made on the little loom at the school, and so they have naturally adapted their advance to the hot climate. Rocking chairs have been rather rare. When we gave one as a prize for regular attendance in the Community Class, old Aunt Lily won it. She had walked in from Tom Fripp, a distance of about three miles each way and a good step for an old lady far the other side of seventy! As she proudly took her seat in it in front of the class, she raised that spiritual which pictures the joy of sitting in the rocking chair in Heaven. Surely it fitted the occasion perhaps as well and better than the spiritual, "I ain't afraid to die," which was raised at one meeting just after I had given a talk on the danger of germs and preventive measures to be taken, as a few cases of measles had appeared on the Island!

Photograph by Leigh Richmond Miner

Going home. Aunt Adelaide, with the heavy hoe of the field worker across her shoulder comes back to her household duties at the end of a long day

In the older homes, the walls are often papered with newspapers and bright-colored pictures, a cheap and clean method of finish when it is impossible to ceil the clapboards. At Christmas time there is many a call for newspapers to help "to dress the house," and at that season appears the fresh whitewash and the new paint.

The Negroes love pretty things, and naturally we find a tendency to crowd things in these little homes. That it is hard to throw treasures away is a failing that belongs to many whites, too! When Hampton House was new, we let the many visitors walk through, and we still suggest a visit to the strangers who have never seen it. From the first I was struck with the interest shown in our pictures. One day I found Dan gazing earnestly at a photograph of the Lucerne Lion. Dan was a "drift," perhaps seven years old, living with an old man in whose house there was not a single picture. Suddenly he turned to me and asked shyly, "Is it an angel, muh?" His first experience with pictures was awe-inspiring!

There seems to have been only one domestic craft, the making of baskets similar to those found in some parts of Africa today, artistic and durable, soft brown in color. They even pay the taxes on some of the little homes, but they are always made by the men and boys, so they do not help the Aunt Katharines. It would seem surprising that we do not find furniture made by hand from our native trees, rustic furniture that is both cheap and comfortable, but we must remember that these people were the field hands and that very few of them had opportunity to see the furnishings of the whites and there was only an occasional carpenter among them. Among the younger group we find victrolas, small organs, sewing machines, (*Continued on page* 358)

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The Wreck of the British Guilds

By ALEXANDER M. BING

THE National British Building Guild is in a Receiver's hands, hopelessly bankrupt. The largest modern experiment in workers' control of production, outside of Russia, has come to disaster before the end of three years.

The responsible heads of the defunct organization attribute its insolvency to lack of capital; so do the most prominent writers on the Guild movement. Lack of capital was not, however, the principal cause of failure. Had there been unlimited funds at the Guild's disposal, the crash would have been delayed, but would inevitably have come had existing conditions continued to prevail. The collapse of so conspicuous an experiment in co-operative production should be thoroughly studied to determine the causes of failure, and their bearing upon the economic and social problems involved in workers' control.

In order to make recent events clear, it will be necessary to summarize, briefly, the conditions under which the Guild was organized. We must first go back to the British housing shortage which followed the war, and the enormous house building program undertaken by the English Government in 1919. It was hoped that local authorities, assisted by National financing, would build 500,000 houses. Unusual difficulties were however encountered. In England (as in America), there was a shortage of building mechanics. In addition the British craftsmen more or less deliberately slackened their work and practiced "ca canny." The contractors and dealers in builders supplies formed combinations and "rings." Handicapped in this manner the industry was called upon to construct a large number of industrial and commercial structures as well as to carry out the tremendous program of Government housing. In the confusion which inevitably followed, profits of dealers and contractors went bounding skyward and labor costs were correspondingly inflated. It became almost impossible to determine in advance what a projected building would cost. Contractors would therefore accept work on a cost-plus basis only and prices continued upward as it became more and more difficult to execute work amid an orgy of profit taking accompanied by continuously decreasing efficiency of labor. These unusual conditions gave to several groups of social philosophers who had been advocating workers' control, an opportunity of putting their theories of group organization to the test of a practical experiment. Two large building guilds were formed in the Spring of 1920—one in Manchester, the other in London. Though separate entities both were organic parts of the trade unions. The members of these corporations who also constituted their board of directors, were chosen by branches of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives. Their purpose was to gain control of construction work and gradually to substitute guild socialism in the building industry for the present capitalistic management. The profit motive was to be done away with and in its place was to be substituted the motive of service. The workers received regular trade union wages to which was added the feature of "continuous pay"—that is to say, once a worker started on a particular job, he was to be paid continuously, in wet weather, when building operation had to be suspended, as well as in fine; in sickness as well as in health. He was not to be laid off because of a shortage of building materials. His continuous employment for that particular building was guaranteed by the guild. Foremen were elected by the entire body of trade unionists of the district, and were to be paid foremen's wages.

The Guilds started with practically no capital, but they had the political backing of the unions and of the labor party, and it needed little or no capital to execute cost-plus government contracts. The Co-operative Wholesale was willing to furnish the materials and also to furnish a bond guaranteeing the execution of the cost-plus jobs.

A SINGLE contract at Walthamstow, London, called for the construction by the London Guild of over 400 houses. Altogether government contracts were received for the building of about 2,000 houses at cost-plus, with a compensation to the Guilds of 6 per cent of the estimated cost, plus £40 per house to cover continuous pay, amounting in all to over £200,000.

The sun was indeed shining on this new organization. Offices were opened in various places, plant purchased, the construction of a large joinery works commenced by the London Guild, and a campaign started for a national loan. At this juncture it was decided to amalgamate the London Guild with the National Guild of Manchester, retaining the name of the latter, and placing the guidance of the national body in the hands of the Manchester group.

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Unfortunately for the new organization, the easily earned profits of cost-plus work were not to last very long. In the summer of 1921, a change occurred in the Government's housing policy. Public work was almost completely stopped and it was decided to entirely eliminate cost-plus contracts. General economic conditions were getting worse and private building also was curtailed.

IN the period of depression which followed contracts became difficult to obtain, and in many branches of construction, unemployment set in. This was the time of strain, which many of the well wishers of the new movement had feared. In these periods of stress, many of the weaker merchants and contractors go to the wall and the capitalistic system shakes off its less efficient members.

The Guilds had declared themselves as unalterably opposed to "lump sum" contracts as partaking of the old profit system. The new organization was, however, soon forced to yield its aversion and to take contracts for definite amounts. In the short three years of its existence, over 400 contracts—government and otherwise—were undertaken, aggregating in amount more than ten million dollars and scattered all over England, Scotland and Wales.

Anyone familiar with the building industry will realize the difficulties which a new untried organization, inexperienced in management, was bound to encounter in attempting in so short a time so vast a program, scattered over so wide an area. Soon the central office which was financially responsible for the execution of all of the contracts of the area committees found itself short of funds; demands for money poured in on every side. An arrangement had been made with the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives for a levy on all of its members of one penny a week, half of which was to go to the Guild as a loan. This was expected to yield £40,000 per year to augment the Guild's capital. Only £12,000 was however received. The effort by the Guild to raise a national loan, subscribed for by the general community, was an almost complete failure. Only in the beginning had very much been received, and then principally by the Guild of London.

To add to the difficulties, lump sum contracts were harder to finance than cost-plus. The latter involved almost no financial risk. The Co-operative Wholesale had therefore not hesitated to guarantee cost-plus government contracts. They were, however, absolutely unwilling to underwrite lump sum contracts involving as they did all the risks of a hazardous business, operating in a most difficult time and directed by untrained executives. Another disadvantage to the Guild of the lump sum contract resulted from the fact that it is customary for the owner, in this form of contract, to retain until completion, a substantial part of the cost, in order to guarantee fulfilment of the contract.

The Guild found itself more and more short of money. To be sure it had earned enormous fees on its initial cost-plus contracts, stated to have amounted to as much as £240,000. Out of this, however, had to come office expenses and cost of plant, purchased at the top of the market, as well as continuous pay (which seems to have amounted to about half of the allowed amount, or about £40,000). When all was said and done, a very comfortable sum should have been left over from this source, as working capital. In addition, there was the loan from the Federation, the proceeds of the national loan and very substantial advances from the Co-operative as well as from Barclay's Bank. The Guild also enjoyed a fair credit with material men.

But for reasons which will soon become plainer, all these funds had been exhausted. The banks refused further loans; material dealers clamored for payment; the Federation could, or would, make no further advances. The demands on the central organization from its local committees for funds were far in excess of the amounts which were being realized on contracts. These demands became impossible to meet and a receiver was appointed. Even at this time, the national body considered itself financially solvent, and merely unable to raise the necessary ready money. As a matter of fact, it was hopelessly involved and should probably have closed its doors six months earlier.

The receivership has laid bare an amazing condition of inefficiency and mismanagement. In the first place the plan of organization was lamentably weak. The central organization was made responsible for the debts of all of the many area committees, but had little control over their actions. The local committees were elected by the labor unions of each area. They consisted mainly of men who were Guild enthusiasts or were influential in their local unions but who had little or no executive experience.

TO these committees, scattered all over England, Scotland and Wales, was entrusted the execution of the four hundred odd Guild contracts. In many cases workers were chosen as foremen, who had never before had charge of men. To supervise this new organization, carrying out so extensive a construction program, the central office had only a few men, inexperienced for the most part, and much of whose time seems to have been taken by soliciting for new work rather than supervising the old. Even in regard to the taking of contracts, a most unsatisfactory condition seems to have existed. Some of the estimating was done by the local committees, unchecked by the central organization. In their eagerness to keep busy, these committees, with little

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or no experience in estimating took work at absurdly low figures. In some cases, indeed, the central body had no knowledge of the execution by local committees of contracts to which money furnished by the central organization was applied. Months after the bankruptcy, the receiver discovered undertakings about which nothing was previously known by him or by the central office.

But even more important than bad contracts was their bad execution. When the Guilds were organized the building market was in a chaotic condition, and the efficiency of mechanics was extremely low. Fired with enthusiasm for the new organization and in a market in which there was no unemployment, the Guildsmen developed, on their first building operations, greater efficiency than was displayed by workers in capitalistic employ. As pointed out by the writer in an earlier article, even then their output did not compare particularly well with that of American mechanics. When, however, building operations were curtailed and unemployment set in, the relative efficiency of Guildsmen and their British fellow workers changed. Spurred on by fear of unemployment, the output of the average mechanic in the industry picked up from its very low level to reasonable efficiency. The output of the Guildsmen on the other hand went down. The local committees seem to have been unable to resist the pressure of their members, once unemployment set in, to overman their jobs, and nothing is so inefficient as a building operation which is overmanned. In the various stages of construction work as each branch nears completion, it is essential, if efficiency is to be maintained, that the men, who are not needed, be laid off. Not only was this not done, but large numbers of unnecessary men were, in many places, put on the Guild's payroll. A mechanic influential in his local union would apply for work. He might be told that the Guild had all the men it could properly use. He was out of a job, however, and would insist on being employed. The ensuing difficulty of a democratically elected foreman and committee can easily be understood. Apparently in most localities, the committees were unable to resist this pressure.

Then too, as a job approached completion, with no other work in sight, the men made the old work stretch on and on. This was a two-fold evil. It added greatly to the cost of the old contract, and it tended to increase the anxiety of the local committee for new work, leading them to bid too low and inevitably resulting in losses.

When the Guilds first undertook cost-plus building for the government, their labor costs are said to have been forty percent of the entire cost of the house. This gradually increased until it reached the high point of 60 percent; then it dropped to 55 percent and remained there. During this period, the men employed by private contractors increased their efficiency, and the costs of these contractors appear to have been lower than those of the Guild, although accurate figures, even at this date, are difficult to obtain. Toward the end, the central office woke up to the fact that costs were exceeding all reasonable limits and exerted pressure on local committees to cut down their working force. Economies were affected, but too late to influence the final outcome. Nor is there any reason to believe that under the prevailing conditions of mismanagement, real efficiency had even then been obtained.

The success or failure of local committees varied greatly. It is claimed that some have a balance in their favor; others have incurred enormous losses—in one or two cases said to be as large as £30,000. Complete information is not available and it will probably be quite some time before the affairs of the Guild are wound up and made public. But enough can be learned to warrant the above statements and to lead to the conclusion of hopeless bankruptcy, with heavy losses to all the Guild's creditors.

Out of the wreckage there have emerged a number of small struggling Guilds trying to carry on. These consist largely of local committees who, since the receivership, have either incorporated as new bodies, or are continuing in business without definite legal status. They lack capital and credit and it is extremely unlikely that they will grow in the near future to any substantial size. The National Federation which lost heavily in money and prestige in the failure of the National Guild, is for the time, at least, done with the new movement. Support has come from some of the local unions, probably as the result of the continued enthusiasm of small scattered groups, who attribute failure to the mismanagement of the central office rather than to weakness in their own locality or to any fault with Guild theory.

A NEW company—"Guild Housing Limited"—has also been formed by Malcolm Sparkes, the organizer of the original Guild of Builders London. Differences of opinion had developed between Sparkes and the managers of the national organization; as a result of which he was discharged. Of the devotion of Sparkes to the movement; of his high idealism and his ability as a propagandist, there can be no doubt. It was charged, however, that he lacked managerial ability. This charge does not seem to have been proven and although the incumbents of most other important Guild positions suffered from this shortcoming, he was singled out and dismissed, and, through his early elimination was not involved in the final catastrophe.

Unlike the old Guilds and the surviving area committees, Mr. Sparkes' company has no organic connection with the building trade unions. This is

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contrary to British Guild theory and provision has been made by the new organization for representation of the unions when they are ready to avail themselves of the privilege. Only union members are eligible for employment. In his constitution, or "rules," he has endeavored to correct the weaknesses of the defunct national body. The most important point of departure is the abandonment of the old idea of a central organization legally responsible for the entire movement. As we have seen, Mr. Sparkes had been opposed to this scheme of organization. He favors as many separate independent Guilds as there are groups of people ready to form them. He would give the movement the benefit of individual initiative and skill and have the success or failure of each local Guild depend upon the energy, ability and devotion of the particular group who compose it. Success in one place would not be spoiled by failure elsewhere. Provision is also made for a central Federation to be a clearing house for statistics and to act as purchasing agent, insurance company and manufacturer of builders' supplies. Mr. Sparkes' idea is that such a central organization would be owned by the separate Guild contractors, instead of owning them.

Guild Housing Limited, has a capital of about ten thousand pounds, a well equipped joinery works, and has business on hand amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds. This, however, is not enough to properly support the overhead expenses which the office and works entail, and because of keen competition, a sufficient number of profitable contracts is difficult to obtain. Mr. Sparkes is therefore considering the development, under lease, of an estate of thirty acres on which to build houses on order or speculation. It would seem, however, that the new company has neither enough capital nor experience to branch out in what amounts to another new and hazardous business—estate sub-division and development. To do so would be merely repeating one of the mistakes of the older Guild—that of expanding much more rapidly than either financial resources or managerial skill warrent.

MUCH more important, however, than this brief history of Guild experience, is a consideration of the lessons which can be learned from it. To what extent should the recent failure be ascribed to faulty organization and mismanagement? To what extent to weaknesses inherent in Guild theory? There can be no doubt that good business management was rendered almost impossible by the form of organization of the National Guild. Rigid control over the making of contracts and constant and efficient supervision of the work in the field, might have offset these weaknesses. But in a democratically controlled body, discipline was not easily obtained. The Board of Directors were trade union officials with no business experience or ability. S. G. Hobson, the secretary, to whom was entrusted the management of affairs, lacked a knowledge of the industry sufficient to justify placing this responsibility in his hands. He is a man of great personal charm and of considerable ability as an orator and a writer. But these qualities, however, were of little help in the management of a huge business enterprise.

UNLIKE the group of American trade unionists, who have made so auspicious a start in the banking business by placing the management in the hands of trained bankers, the British building tradesmen did not seem to realize the value of technical knowledge and executive experience. They also underestimated the value of proper clerical assistance. This is an error into which trade unionists are peculiarly likely to fall. The Manchester office was absurdly undermanned. Those in control seemed not to understand that the man who simply sat on his chair in an office preparing accounts or whose principal task was to carefully scrutinize the figures to see if they spelled efficiency or the reverse, may be much more important to the financial success of the enterprise than half a dozen men who were actually laying bricks or nailing on shingles. They did not sufficiently realize that every mechanic, no matter how skillful, will not necessarily make a good foreman or superintendent; that independence, training and experience are needed for both these jobs and that proper superintendence is absolutely essential to success. No expansion should have been permitted before a central organization was developed capable of seeing that efficiency prevailed at every point.

The short-comings which have been described above, are not necessarily incident to workers' control. They are, however, weaknesses to which it is peculiarly liable. A democratic election does not seem to be the best way to choose an executive—certainly not until the members of the electorate are educated up to an understanding of the problems involved and realize how essential supervision and executive direction are. More important still, all personal considerations must be subordinated when the choice of foremen and executives is made. Until the individual is willing to subordinate personal considerations and his own immediate advantage for the sake of ultimate group success, there is very little hope for the prosperity of democratic production.

This was illustrated nowhere more plainly than in the overmanning of jobs. A given individual is out of work. His immediate advantaage is served by forcing himself upon a job which is already served by all the men it needs. For the foreman too, the path of least resistance is to satisfy his constituent in the union by keeping him employed, although his services are not really needed. Such a course, however, spells speedy ruin. (*Continued on page* 355)

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EDITORIALS

NEW YEAR'S EVE marks the twenty-first birthday of the New York Tenement House Department—the first municipal department which recognized that the multiple dwelling of our modern cities is a problem in itself and centered powers which hitherto had been scattered through building, health, and fire bureaus. Robert W. de Forest was New York's first tenement house commissioner, Lawrence Veiller his assistant. The Tenement House Committee of the New York Charity Organization Society whose work on its own and subsequently through Governor Roosevelt's State Commission lead to the passage of the New York tenement house law, is arranging a meeting at the Town Hall in New York in late January, to celebrate the department coming of age.

IS the Children's Bureau a professional and scientific agency? Is it of major importance in the federal government? Is it to be allowed to pay salaries adequate to secure well qualified and efficient service? If so—and those who know its work would answer with a ringing affirmative—its friends have need to speak clearly and quickly if its full usefulness is to be preserved.

Positions in the federal service in the District of Columbia have been "classified" by the Personnel Classification Board, more or less in compliance with a law passed in the closing days of the last session of Congress. On the basis of these classifications salaries have been allocated in the executive budget for the fiscal year 1924-5, which is now before Congress for approval. If it is passed unchanged, the Children's Bureau will be materially handicapped.

THE law set up five "services" into which all federal jobs in the District of Columbia are to be fitted: professional and scientific; sub-professional; clerical, administrative and fiscal; custodial; and clerical-mechanical. A devious line has been drawn between the professional and non-professional groups in various spheres of government service. In the Bureau of Labor Statistics nobody is "professional or scientific" except a document clerk who happens to be an M.D. and gives first aid to the office staff. The director of the Bureau of the Census, the chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission, the director of the Women's Bureau, are all "clerical, administrative and fiscal." In the Children's Bureau again only the director and seven members of the staff whose duties require them to be doctors of medicine are given professional status; the ranking assistant and the directors and staffs of the research divisions dealing with industry, social service, statistics and special studies are "C. A. F."

The director of the industrial division, to take a single example from the Children's Bureau, is a college graduate with two years' of graduate university work and ten years' professional experience. During the past year she has been organizing and directing studies of state child labor laws, the trend of child labor, child labor in Georgia (including special inspections in textile mills), the child on the farm, children in street trades, and work opportunities for subnormal minors. And the official estimate of her status gives her the rank and pay of a chief clerk!

IT happens that this job of reclassification has been controlled largely by the federal Bureau of Efficiency. In the summer of 1922 the assistant director of that Bureau testified before a congressional committee on this very question of defining professional and scientific work. Speaking of an earlier version of the reclassification act, he said:

"This bill goes on to enumerate 38 occupations, or sciences, or callings, positions in which 'shall be regarded' as in the professional and scientific service. The list includes the three learned professions recognized by the dictionary: law, medicine, and theology. . . . The list also includes a number of difficult and technical sciences which doubtless deserve a ranking but little inferior to that of the three learned professions. Among those might be mentioned architecture, astronomy, biology, chemistry, engineering, geology, physics, and veterinary science. But all dignity and importance which would attach to a list constituted of these professions and sciences vanishes by reason of the incorporation of a number of occupations which have no professional or scientific status whatsoever except such as is here to be conveyed by legislative provision.

"A number of them are included which do not represent occupations or callings in any sense, but merely branches of academic or practical study. Agricultural economics, history, library science, mathematics, economics, political science, soial economics, and statistics are not professions. Frequently, if not usually, they are simply studies, in which professional men, scientists, and practical administrators must attain a certain proficiency—as is illustrated by a consideration of the relation of mathematics to civil engineering—but, except in a very limited scholastic field, they never represent vocations or callings.

"Worse than this the list includes items which represent merely duties to be performed. . . . Editing is a task for which any person acquainted with the fundamentals of rhetoric and composition is adequately fitted, so far as he can be fitted by education . . ."

The type of mind which considers that veterinary science would lose dignity by being classified with social economics and statistics would hardly be expected to recognize the scientific character of a child welfare research. Small wonder that the classification schedules read as if the Board had firmly resolved to put down these here upstart professions once and for all.

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Salaries throughout the Bureau have been scaled to the compass of a "small professional or scientific organization." Now it is true that if you count noses, the Children's Bureau with about 150 employes does not rank with the Bureau of Standards, with 2,000. But you would hardly expect to differentiate between a "major" bureau and a "small" one on that basis alone. Since the law makes no specific distinction, the classification staff had to use rule of thumb methods, and the thumb seems to have worked against the Bureau. It is actually handling more money (about a million and a half dollars a year) than tne Federal Trade Commission, the Bureau of Chemistry, or the Tariff Commission. Yet the chief executives of all these bodies are a full salary grade higher than the director of the Children's Bureau. The head of the Children's Bureau ranks with the apiculturist in charge of bee culture investigations and the chief of the tick eradication division in the Bureau of Animal Husbandry!

This salary differential is of course carried clear down the line. Most of the division heads in charge of separate research departments, for example, fall in the $3,000-3,600 class. It happens that three of them, during the past year, have been offered seven executive or university positions ranging in salary from $4,000 to $7,500. Their present salaries are not actually lowered, but are frozen at the present level. The minimum salary for their grade—at which, according to the law, all new appointments must be made, is $3,000. Suppose they leave the Bureau; what hope is there that their places can be suitably filled at that figure?

THE issue is not merely one of terminology, nor of a few hundred dollars on individual salaries. Morale suffers when professional work is unrecognized and underpaid. Social work is a fighting profession at best; prestige and status are indispensable assets in every contact with official Washington and the state governments. Whether the ratings given the Children's Bureau show stupidity or malice, or both, they should be revised.

The way to get them revised, probably, is for friends of the Bureau everywhere to express themselves promptly and forcibly to their representatives in Congress. That is a bad way to accomplish a desirable end, because the whole reclassification idea is aimed at strengthening the scientific operation of the civil service, and minimizing political interference. The Personnel Classification Board has bungled its job—or worse. It should be set straight, or abolished. The story is too long to tell here; it will be taken up in Survey Midmonthly for January. But the immediate necessity is to give the Children's Bureau its chance to do maximum service; the next is to work for an intelligent reclassification of the entire force of federal workers.

IN his vivid account of the significant evolution of collective bargaining symbolized by B & O Engine 1003 (p. 311), Mr. Beyer gives appropriate credit to President Johnston of the International Association of Machinists, President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio, to the local executives and the rank and file of the workmen who have transformed the repair shop at Glenwood. To many of us who have followed the author's career, his part in transforming the dream of cooperation into an economically sound reality is not the least significant item in that evolution.

As B & O Engine 1003 symbolizes the new spirit in labor relations on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, so Mr. Beyer himself symbolizes the advent of a new spirit among the engineering technicians toward organized labor, and the possibilities latent in collective bargaining. By profession he is a mechanical engineer, having graduated from Stevens Institute of Technology in 1907. After serving an appreticeship as machinist, draughtsman and engineer with the E. W. Bliss Company of Brooklyn, the Midvale Steel Company in Philadelphia and the Erie Railroad, he became special motive power engineer of the Maintenance of Equipment Department of the Erie and later served as General Foreman of one of the Rock Island's district repair shops. In 1916, he accepted the invitation of the University of Illinois to take charge of the railroad engineering experiment work and the locomotive testing laboratory in its Engineering Experiment Station. When the United States entered the war, he participated in the organization of the United States School of Military Aeronautics established at Urbana. Later in 1917, he was called into the service of the Army with the rank of captain to organize and train technical personnel for railway and heavy artillary maintenance, and eventually to direct all technical training of ordnance personnel.

The present significant phase of his professional work, that of engineering counsel to the shopcraft unions and other labor organizations, began when at the end of the war, Secretary Baker designated him to take charge of the Arsenal Orders Section of the Army Ordnance Department which had been created at the request of the organized employees of the arsenals. These men had built up a fine esprit de corps during the war; they were anxious to continue in the service after the armistice. They appealed for an opportunity to compete for the manufacture of supplies needed by all governmental departments in order to stabilize employment and to increase the productive efficiency of the arsenals. It was in the course of this memorable enterprise that Mr. Beyer was imbued with his deep conviction that the trade unions are eager to cooperate in production if given a reasonable chance. Having by his faith won the faith of the men, he has devoted practically all his time since as consulting engineer to the unions representing the skilled crafts in the government service, especially in the arsenals and the navy yards, to unions of railroad workers, and others. He is a member of the staff of the Labor Bureau, Inc. In behalf of the unions, he has advised with members and committees of Congress in connection with the so-called Hull Bill, whose object is to provide for all manufacturing units in the government the opportunities originally sought by the arsenal employes. His recent analysis of "Government Work in Government Plants" has been submitted to Congress as a brief in behalf of the bill. During 1919, Mr. Beyer acted with the sixteen railroad labor unions brotherhood and those affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, in devising a program of intensive cooperation with the United States Railroad Administration. The termination of federal control put an end to this program, which has now reemerged on the Baltimore and Ohio, in whose equipment maintenances department Mr. Beyer is the technical representative of the employes.

This record would seem to show that the alliance of the mechanical engineer with organized labor has not been the least among the forces responsible for the auspicious developments in the relations between management and men on the Baltimore and Ohio.

Incidentally it is a happy forecast of the time when

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organized labor everywhere will call to its aid the trained technicians and executives, and when members of the professions see themselves as part of the great labor movement.

AT the time of his death, the author of the New Democracy, which did so much to carry the principles of social work into the main stream of public discussion, was working on a book which he had tentatively named The Concert of the Classes. Instead of disregarding the existence of economic and social classes in America, Walter E. Weyl had set out to discover the vital functions which the various groups performed, and their common interest as citizens of our commonwealth, as a basis for concert. His approach was that of the inductive scientist rather than that of the traditional metaphysician.

This idea of concert through objective research is fortunately making headway. In New York The Economic Foundation has just been organized to find stable support for the National Bureau of Economic Research, whose work on the amount and distribution of Income in the United States and on Business Cycles has blazed new trails of scientific illumination in a realm hitherto beclouded by guess-work and forensic passion. The directorate of the bureau is expressive of the idea of concert. It contains bankers, big business men, a representative of the American Federation of Farm Bureaus, conservative labor leaders, socialists, economic fundamentalists and economic modernists.

In Chicago, Sears Roebuck and Company, through its president, Julius Rosenwald, has established the Sears Agriculture Foundation to extend the idea of concert through research to the relations between farmers and industry, between farmers and the consumers. The Federation will "cover the country with a force of economists and statisticians with the object of securing data that will clear up questions involved in the farmer's disposal of his goods at a profit."

The work of these two organizations is complementary. Together they represent the entire range of economic activities upon which our social stratification is based. It is through such high-minded research under non-sectarian auspices that the hope for an effective concert of classes in the common interest finds new promise of realization.

WHAT are the Germans doing to help themselves? On the answer to this question hangs the attitude of thousands of fair-minded Americans, perplexed by the conflicting stories of misery and luxury, by statistics of millions of starving children and millions of hoarded marks. On the answer to this hangs their attitude toward the raising of voluntary relief funds, or a congressional grant of credit as in the case of the Russian famine.

There is food in Germany—in the country. It can be obtained if you can barter with the farmer, exchanging solid furniture or jewels for his potatoes. Naturally he is unwilling to part with it for the worthless currency. But even in normal times Germany has had to import food, and now she must import largely, according to Secretary Hoover's report to the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, *even if domestic distribution can be re-established.* With the collapse of the currency and the widening circles of unemployment that possibility, without outside assistance, is remote. Millions of the workers in the cities and in industrial districts have no work at all, or work for only two or three days a week. When there is food in the marketplace, they have nothing to offer in exchange but the twenty cents a day of the government unemployment doles. Some reports have it that twenty millions of the industrial and professional classes have not the means of getting food. (Five millions are children.)

But even in this complicated wreckage of the economic life of a nation, a persistent attempt has been made to fill the growing needs, as cabled reports to the American Committee for the Relief of German children show. Three hundred and fifty thousand children are being sent from the cities for five months with country families. More than 40,000 tons of foodstuffs, given by the farmers and carried freight-free by the railroads, are hauled from country to city each month. The banks and several of the industries where there is some employment—chemical, textile,—are giving large amounts from salaries. In Gelsenkirchen, the employed are supporting the unemployed with a half million gold marks a month. The towns support half of all the suffering people with money and food, and the government is collecting a special tax from the rich for feeding children, from which two and a half million gold marks already has been spent for food. This source will provide sugar and flour for five hundred thousand children for the next five months.

From private correspondence we learn that in Berlin under the leadership of Dr. Alice Salomon (who attended the National Conference of Social Work at Washington), all the relief groups have joined together to promote Neighborhood Guilds, bringing together all classes and creeds to pool their slender resources to help each other. They will seek out the old and sick and the overburdened mothers in their own streets and apartment houses. Families whose rooms have warmth and light are inviting their less fortunate neighbors to pass the cold dark evenings with them. Members of the Guilds are working together to plan ways in which the young people can spend their enforced leisure in occupations or study which may prove useful to them in more normal times. The Berlin Bourse has promised $10,000 for the immediate purchase of food and coal; it is hoped that common effort can salvage enough of enthusiasm and material resource from the pervading despondent misery to make possible the re-opening of some of the soup kitchens. Berlin's life as a city is at a standstill. Its more hopeful and constructive citizens are working desperately to rebuild community existence in it as a series of 1200 villages.

MANY significant words and few significant acts—this appears to sum up the meeting of Secretary Work's National Advisory Committee on Indian Affairs at Washington on December 12 and 13. The discussions revolved about four main topics about which there were differences, and a fifth on which there was unanimity. This last was Indian health. Secretary Work announced that he had requested the National Health Council to make a study of Indian health conditions and the Committee added its endorsement to the Secretary's request. Further, following his suggestion, an appropriation of $100,000 was requested for trachoma work among Indians.

The legal status of Indians and the organization of the Indian Bureau were voluminously discussed. A resolution was adopted that Indian tribes should have the right to present their cases in the courts of claims and other courts. A resolution recommending that individual Indians be permitted to intervene legally, to bring the handling of their own trust funds and personal liberties before the courts for review, was tabled.

The Committee tabled also a resolution advocating citizenship for Indians. This action was partly due to the difficulty of insuring that citizenship would not result in the nullify-

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ing of guardianship and the premature taxation of Indians. The most impressive criticism of Indian Bureau methods came from General Hugh L. Scott and Dr. Warren K. Moorehead, both of them members of the Board of Indian Commissioners. General Scott insisted that centralization had resulted in a straight-jacketing of the field workers and in a flood of inconsequential details at the Washington headquarters which made it difficult or impossible for the chiefs of the Indian Service to consider adequately the matters which were fundamental and structural. Dr. Moorehead, in a brief paper of classic clearness, contrasted our Indian system with the Canadian, to the embarrassing advantage of the latter.

The subject of Indian cultural and religious liberty drew much discussion, but before the session ended a resolution had been adopted which, without chiding the Indian Commissioner for his famous religious ceremonial order, expressed full realization of the beauty and wholesomeness of the Indian tribal customs and the desirability of limiting any discouragement of them to cases, which demonstrably might involve immoral or deteriorating consequences.

The subject of Pueblo land titles drew vigorous contest. The issue was finally narrowed to a couple of mutually exclusive resolutions. One of these resolutions, proposed by John Collier, stated the opposition of the committee to any measure which would predetermine by legislative fiat any questions of Pueblo land titles now pending before the courts. The opposition proposal, introduced by Margaret McKittrick of the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs, endorsed the principles of the "Lenroot Substitute Bill." A persevering effort by the advocates of Mr. Collier's resolution failed to persuade the majority that they should take a stand on the issue, one way or the other. It was voted to transmit the conflicting resolutions without comment to the Secretary of the Interior. This question, which involves the principle of giving the Indians equal protection of the law, will be taken up later in The Survey.

Perhaps the discussions were more fruitful and significant than the resolutions, many of which had been edited to secure united action at the expense of "having their teeth pulled." These discussions, continuing through five intense sessions, revealed a wish by most of the members to readjust their thinking toward a workable Indian program.

THE thrill of Christmas in the air deepened for most of us as the newspaper headlines shouted that the President had pardoned the political prisoners. Their chief crime was that at a time of national crisis, they differed from the majority in thought and speech. Even those who believed that such a difference merited and required imprisonment must feel that the dreary years behind bars have more than evened the score. May they go back to their homes to find their neighbors rejoicing in the courage of a President who has braved the rancor of the few who still carry the bitterness of the war years in their hearts!

But, though at last the federal jails contain no "politicals," the job is only half done. The jails of seven states still hold 127 men under the anti-sedition acts passed in the war period. As the release of the federal prisoners was clicked over the wires, Idaho was experiencing another raid. California holds nearly a hundred radicals in jail, Washington almost a score. Throughout the country the wave of intolerance is receding, but with eddies and backwaters which challenge the efforts of those who believe that the national discovery and wholehearted practice of the first amendment would be an American achievement of the first order.

THE WRECK OF THE BRITISH GUILDS

(*Continued from page* 351)

It was just this attitude, all over the country, which was one of the prime factors in bringing on bankruptcy. Most of the lump sum contracts were costing much too much to execute, because of labor inefficiency. One of the important lessons that labor unions will have to learn before they can hope to succeed in the control of industrial enterprises is that efficiency and a fair day's work are essential to success, whether the management be that of the workers or of capital.

A rather extreme illustration on individual and group shortsightedness occurred in one locality in which the entire labor force took a holiday on full pay during racing week. This one little spree in an inconspicuous place (Stockton) cost the Guild—twelve hundred pounds.

Nor were most of the British building tradesmen willing to make sacrifices for the new idea. The men working for the Guilds received continuous pay and were therefore in a preferred position. The average mechanic employed in private work did not see why he should contribute to a fund to help the Guilds, from which he was getting no immediate advantage. He was either unable to see the ultimate benefit, or if he saw it, to make present sacrifices for future gain.

And so the British Building Guild has given one more demonstration of the difficulties of workers' control. The evils it sought to abolish are still present. The seasonal character of the industry; the loss of pay to the individual worker because of the inclemency of the weather, and the shortage of building materials, still prevail. It is one of the evils of the industry which can, and some day no doubt, will be cured. Better management will reduce the time of actual idleness and the cost of inevitable losses of time will be more wisely distributed. Although the Guilds failed to cure this evil, they directed attention to it in a manner which will undoubtedly help toward its ultimate elimination. In regard also to the substitution in industry of other motives than that of profit making, the demonstration of the Guilds may prove helpful. Those who previously believed that this motive was an unworthy one and that it was inadequate to produce the best results are still of that opinion. The British experience, though it has by no means shown the impossibility of substituting the motive of service, has certainly shown the difficulties to be encountered in any such attempt.

The history of the Guilds has demonstrated the folly of trying to carry on large experiments in production without adequate managerial skill. If the workers are going to succeed in the control of industry substantial numbers will have to acquire the requisite experience and knowledge and they will have to be willing to use this knowledge, not for their own profit by becoming employers, but for the common good by devoting their skill to manage experiments in workers' control.

Ability in management may perhaps be obtained in small independent Guilds such as those which have survived in England. Works Committees and more widely distributed experience in formanship would also help. In addition there is needed a better understanding by the rank and file of the nature of productive processes and of the difficulties of successful management. It must be apparent that the workers will have to educate themselves in a manner which heretofore they have not done if they are to successfully manage productive industry on a large scale as was attempted by the British Building Guilds.

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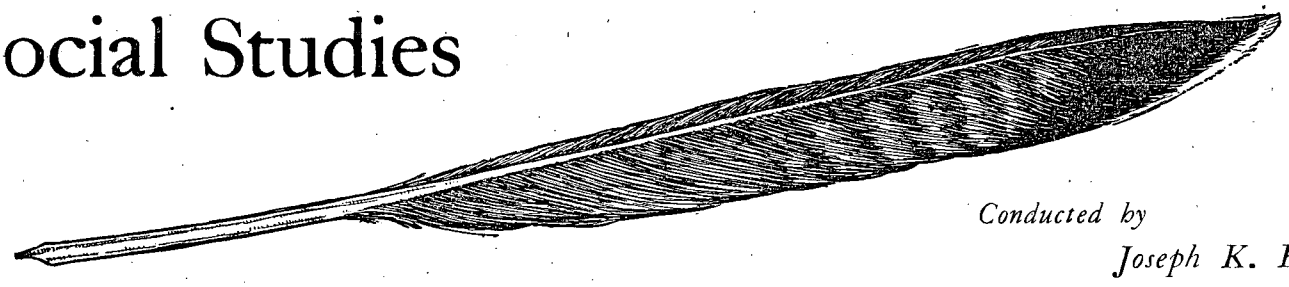
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Our Overlapping Groups

EVERY one belongs to some group. Even Robinson Crusoe lived in a group world—the memories of his former groups, the hopes of his future groups. And when Friday came he had a real group.

In the primitive world of scattered populations, the racial group was usually a small and homogeneous affair, within which the whole life of the individual member was practically absorbed. Variety of life or of interest was regarded as an evil: singleness of life and interest, the great good. Of course, such a group life tended to nourish stagnation, sameness, the sanctity of the folkways, horror of change. But those were the virtues upon which the gods smiled.

Our experiences in the modern world are vastly different. The growth of population has brought together within the same area huge masses of peoples, sometimes peoples who belong almost without exception to the same racial stocks and reverence the same folkways; sometimes peoples who come together from the ends of the earth, representing many racial types, and yeilding obeisance to as many forms of folkways. Whether the one or the other, the modern individual lives in a world that continuously calls him out of the singleness of his primitive group beginnings into wider and wider group relationships.

That is to say, the modern individual belongs to many groups, whether he will or no. He is born into a family; he grows up in more or less of a neighborhood; he goes to a school; perhaps to a Sunday School, or church; he finds himself a "gang"; he is absorbed into talk about politics and gets himself a "party"; he finally gets a job and becomes a member of some "class" or vocational group. If he goes to school for a number of years, he belongs to some "class," perhaps to some fraternity or other school society. After school he belongs to clubs and other social groups: there is almost no end to the number of such groups to which the resident of the modern city may belong. And if he finds nothing in existence that suits his taste, he will have little trouble in convincing a few congenial spirits to go in with him in organizing some group which will provide them the variations upon existence and the sense of personal importance demanded by all of us.

IF this diversification of life, from the practically single group of the primitive world to the almost unlimited groups of the modern world, were the whole of the story, it were soon told. But this is not all, nor is it the most important part of the story. Diversification is, of itself, as likely to be destructive as to be constructive: it may merely break up old unities into decentralizing factors. But the story is not so simple. Civilization has developed by means of a paradox: man must escape from the group without losing it. Humanity cannot develop as long as men remain primitively within the narrow ranges of the single group; humanity cannot advance if, in escaping from those narrow limits, men lose all sense of the group. Humanity can only find its life by losing it; but, also, it can only lose its old life by finding a new life. This is the heart of the plot in the romance of humanity.

And the puzzling character of our modern world is nowhere more fully revealed than in the fact that individual membership in thse modern groups is everywhere interminably tangled. Two men may belong to a single group, such as a church, and find themselves working as cordial friends in its interest; but one of them may belong to the Republican party, the other to the Democratic party, and in politics they may be bitter enemies. Two boys may belong to different classes at school and fight each other locally at every turn; yet, in an inter-school contest they will be friends "to the death." A man may be a member of a local gang, posing as the untamed character. He may be elected sheriff of his county on this reputation. As sheriff, he may be called to arrest a member of his old gang, and be compelled to decide whether to stand by his old group and degrade his office or live up to his new responsibility.

These relationships, overlapping, tangled, interwoven, are real. No easy moralizing can make them unreal or escape the implications of their reality. These relationships make up a large part of the moral and social problem of our times: Shall the school-boy belong to the pupil-group and defy the teacher; or shall he belong to the school-group and "tattle" on his mates? Shall the worker belong to the "industry" and "play safe" with the management; or shall he belong to the union and fight for the slogan of his group? These are not academic questions: individuals answer them, one way or the other, every day—to their moral growth or to their moral detriment!

These relationships, overlapping, interwoven, tangled, show us the real task of intelligence, today. How can an individual belong to two antagonistic groups at the same time: for example, to a nation and to the world? How can one be friendly in church to a man one hates in politics?

IN general, we ignore these problems today, or deny them. Our morality has taught us that "there can be no conflict of duties"; hence, we cheaply hold that all such "group entanglements" must be due to some evil in our wills. Our logic has taught us that the world is a "perfect system of laws" which knows nothing but harmony in its inner parts. Hence, if we find conflicts, the fault is in our minds, not in the world.

But this method of dissolving a problem by arguing that it cannot exist and ignoring it as non-existent has brought the world to moral and intellectual chaos. Men live in groups, today, as always. Group living nourishes our lives. But in these complex modern conditions, our group memberships involve us in endless overlappings, contradictions, conflicts. These overlappings and conflicts are as real as life, itself; they are, in fact, the stuff of which life, as experience, is made. The intellectual and moral problem of the age is how to understand them and use them in the making of the future community.

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Our Social Institutions

A Course for High Schools

VIII. Our Unorganized World

Our institutions, such as the home, the school, the church and the state, have organized large areas of our community life; but not all of it. Outside these lie many areas, some of which have scarcely felt the touch of organization; or, in which organization is as yet fragmentary. Some of these out-lying areas contain interests that are socially constructive and desirable; others harbor interests that are questionable, at best.

1. Recreational Interests and Needs

What are the effects of modern speeding up processes in industry upon the muscles and nerves of the workers? Are there any other "speeding up" processes in modern life? What about trying to "keep up" with the neighbors? With the new books? With scientific discoveries?

Is physical fatigue a healthy experience? Always? Is mental fatigue ever desirable? What is the effect of indoor life, whether in schools or in industry, on the human body? Does industry provide for the most unfatiguing methods and processes of work, or does it pay no attention to such problems? Has industrial management done anything in recent years toward elimination of strains, lost motions and other causes of fatigue?

What are the effects of monotony of work upon the worker? Is there such a thing as "the everlasting grind" of work? What possible escapes are there from this grind: can work be made over? Is sickness an escape? Is gambling? Is getting drunk an escape? Is taking drugs a real escape? Is suicide? Can work ever be said to be immoral?

2. The Recreation of Joy in Work

Has the human body any capacity for the recovery of its former elasticity and "spring"? Has the mind any such capacity? How is this to be accomplished? Is excitement a desirable experience? How can healthful forms of excitement be secured in the modern city world?

Why do children play? Why do adults play? What sorts of play are most enjoyable? What types of games? What are the enjoyable features of such games? Is watching a game from the bleachers a healthful experience? What percentage of the students in your school take part in games? What play life do the remainder of them have, if any? Is the feeling of "victory" a desirable experience? The feeling of defeat? Are these feelings any part of a true education?

3. Community Provision for Recreation

What provisions has your community made for the play life of the children? The young people? The adults? What municipal playgrounds have you? To what extent do children have to pay for the chance to play? What commercial forms of recreation and amusement exist in your community? Are these well patronized? By whom?

What other uses of leisure time are found in your community? Has the community made adequate provision for the best employment of leisure? What has taken the place of the saloon as the "social center" of the community? Has your community any general program of recreation? Have you any annual recreational event, or series of events? Is your community's play life controlled by the more intelligent or by the less intelligent elements of the community? Have you ever had your community's interests and needs along these lines considered by a recreational leader?

References:

Jane Addams: The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Macmillan.

Publications of the Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Questions on Current Issues

Facts and Fables

The role of facts in the drama of human kind is difficult —and not usually interesting; nor is it always as important as is sometimes argued. Many people prefer propaganda to facts as their daily bread for the mind. Sometimes it is assumed by the frivolous that we must have either facts or propaganda. Happily, there is at least a third possibility, namely, fables. A fable is a fact with the breath of life in it. Here are some fables:

1. A Fable for Statesmen

What right had the American Indians to own or hold any part of the continent after the white men came? What right had any Indian to any part of the soil of the United States after the Declaration of Independence was signed? What right has any Indian to hold and keep out of use any part of the natural resources of any part of America? Have weak peoples any rightful place in a world operated on the principle of the struggle for existence? Does it do the world any good to save people who cannot save themselves? Should there be any sentiment in practical statesmanship? In industrial development? Does America care about justice or sympathy or honor? Does America want its statesmen to care anything about these idealistic themes?

2. A Fable for Machinists

What is civilization? Does it mean riding in trains rather than on mules? Seeing a movie rather than seeing the world? Listening to a radio rather than reading a book? If a community has never seen a Ford, can it be called civilized? Can a man who has read no books be called educated? Can he know anything? Anything worth knowing? May any part of the world, or of America, be allowed to retain some of its old-time naturalness? Is a machine-made civilization or culture the highest ideal of humanity? Is a machinist the most civilized of men? Should statesmen be machinists? Should human beings consent to become cogs in the machine? Shall the world be, some day, a perfectly running, frictionless machine? Without a bit of noise or a hint of the grinding of the gears? Without a sign of heart or mind?

3. A Fable for Teachers

What is knowledge for? Or, isn't it *for* anything? Where has our knowledge come from? How has it been secured? Is knowledge important? Is it as important as human life? Is it as important as the mind of the student? Is teaching important? Is it as important as human life? As the mind of the student? Should anything ever come in the way of the teacher? Is the teacher a human being? Should the teacher recognize common human responsibilities? Should a teacher know what he is doing?

4. A Fable for Social Workers

What do you mean by adjustment? As between the individual and the environment, which should be made over in any readjustment? Are environments fixed beyond change? In the matter of homes, should poverty make the best of a squalid hut, and adjust itself as comfortably as possible to its squalor? Should houses ever be made over? Should poverty ever be outlawed? How can that be done? What interest do you find in these problems? Who are the ignorant ones in your community? Gladstone once said: "In the past fifty years, on practically all large public questions, the educated classes have been on the wrong side!" Is this statement still true to any extent? Who supports the causes of social reconstruction and human progress in your community?

Reference:

(1) Collier; (2) MacKaye (3) Cabot; (4) Cooley.

The books mentioned on this page may be obtained through The Survey Book Department.

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HOMES OF THE FREE

(*Continued from page* 347)

and a few baby carriages. Out and in we find flowers; there is hardly a home that has not its geraniums, chrysanthemums, and odd rose bushes, and from these home flower beds have come many a plant for our Hampton House garden. The men and boys, as well as the mothers and sisters, wear flowers and show especially in their love of color the strong artistic feeling of the race.

Filing cases are usually dull things. But at Penn School we have one that is full of deep interest, because there are the records of the teachers' visits to the homes from which the children come. These sheets, carefully written after the teacher has found out all the points that go to make the background of the child, are a record of standards lifted and still advancing. They serve as pictures and I believe that rural teachers can do their work well only when the picture of the home and the whole family is clearly in mind. Here is an average "picture."

Size of house: five rooms. *Neatness*: Good. *Neatness of yard*: Good. *Outbuildings*: two. *Neatness*: Fair.
Size of farm: 22 acres. *Crops*: Corn, peas, sweet potatoes, cotton, sugar cane.
Garden: about 20′ x 30′. *Woodland*, about half an acre.
Occupation: Mother, farming and housework. Father, farming.

Attached to this teacher's sheet is the one made out by the school nurse, who follows the plan of our state Board of Health in her physical examinations. And so the bridges are being made between the school and the homes and as the school belongs to the people, their homes and farms become a normal part of the equipment which is to be improved through their own efforts and knowledge.

We began with our own home—Hampton House.

Well do I remember the day during our first year when Aunt Maria who was then our laundress, brought some friends with her to see the new house. I was busy at the desk, so I told her to take them through. Very silent they were. I could hear the gentle "umph, umph" as they saw one thing after another. We had a small statue of the Venus de Milo on a bookcase. The personally-conducted party stood by it for some time. I stopped my work and told them in answer to their question, "What' dat?" that it was a statue of Venus. " 'Umph, 'umph. I t'ought so!" was the answer. But when they reached the bedrooms upstairs, Aunt Maria took full charge and Miss House heard her telling all she knew. When she opened the linen closet, to her delight she heard her say, "An dis am to imitate we how to live."

So Hampton House has played its part in the scheme of things. Built by Island workmen under the supervision of a Hampton graduate, it took its name as a sign of all that Hampton has meant in the lives of the principals and the Hampton-trained teachers we then and since have brought to St. Helena. Yet, however useful Hampton House has been, the cottages built for the families of these school workers of the Negro race have had an even larger part to play.

On St. Helena no new house, nor additions to old houses are complete till the "House Blessing" has taken place. When the new house for our superintendent's family was finished, a group of school boys, girls, teachers, men who had worked on the house, and some plantation neighbors gathered together. This is always a religious service and that afternoon, as the sun was setting across the little marsh river, lighting the great pines that surround the new cottage with that soft brilliancy that belongs to the South, spiritual after spiritual was "raised" by Joshua E. Blanton, the worker, whose wonderful tenor voice will always be remembered on the Island, and as the house was to be his own new home, there was a peculiarly inspired note in the songs that evening. The scripture reading from the Songs of David followed, and then one of the Island men who had had a large share in the work of the house, a "field hand" in overalls, offered the prayer of dedication and consecration, which was followed by more spirituals which filled the rooms with their melody. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," is a vivid message on St. Helena.

So it is that today, as we travel down the oyster shell road from Penn School, we come across in the field the tiny home of Mrs. Wigg, with its mud and stick chimney, built for her by the boys in the Young Men's Christian Association and her neighbors on the plantation to give her the privacy of her own hearthstone. We see the attractive homes built on the school farm, and we pass the homes of Penn School graduates with their added comforts demanded by the larger outlook. They stand as the promise of a better day for all the people, for an Island future that holds out opportunity for the generation coming on. Here is Dr. York Bailey, who had the courage to go forward to the medical profession after going through the classes at Penn when Miss Towne and Miss Murray were still here. He graduated from the Medical School of Howard University in Washington, D. C., and came back to the Island in 1906, where, to use Booker T. Washington's phrase, he dropped down his bucket where he was.

We had no physician on the Island, and I have told of Dr. Bailey's work in another chapter, but I want you to see his house; it is an achievement and an inspiration to any Penn School boy. It stands back from the road, with a neat wire fence around it, a lawn planted, an orchard in the rear, a concrete walk to the steps. It is a two-story house and the windmill nearby tells the story—running water and a bathtub. The furnishings inside are as attractive and in as good taste as could be desired—a real home.

"Dr. York" cleverly built the house and had it all ready for his bride, whoever she might be. When she finally came to St. Helena, a Hampton graduate to teach at Penn, little did she anticipate that her future home and husband were ready and waiting for her. And fortunately he selected wisely—a teacher with a deeply-felt community spirit. So a dream came true. A Penn School boy come with the larger training back to the Island—so well trained and with so much skill that he has ministered to white patients as well as to his own race. He seems like one of the school family always, for as an active member of our cooperative committee of management, and as a farmer raising some of the best lettuce, and shipping more peanuts than any other farmer in our first cooperative effort, he is serving his community.

(*Continued on page* 360)

Jessamine Cottage which won third prize in the National Better Homes Demonstration of 1922

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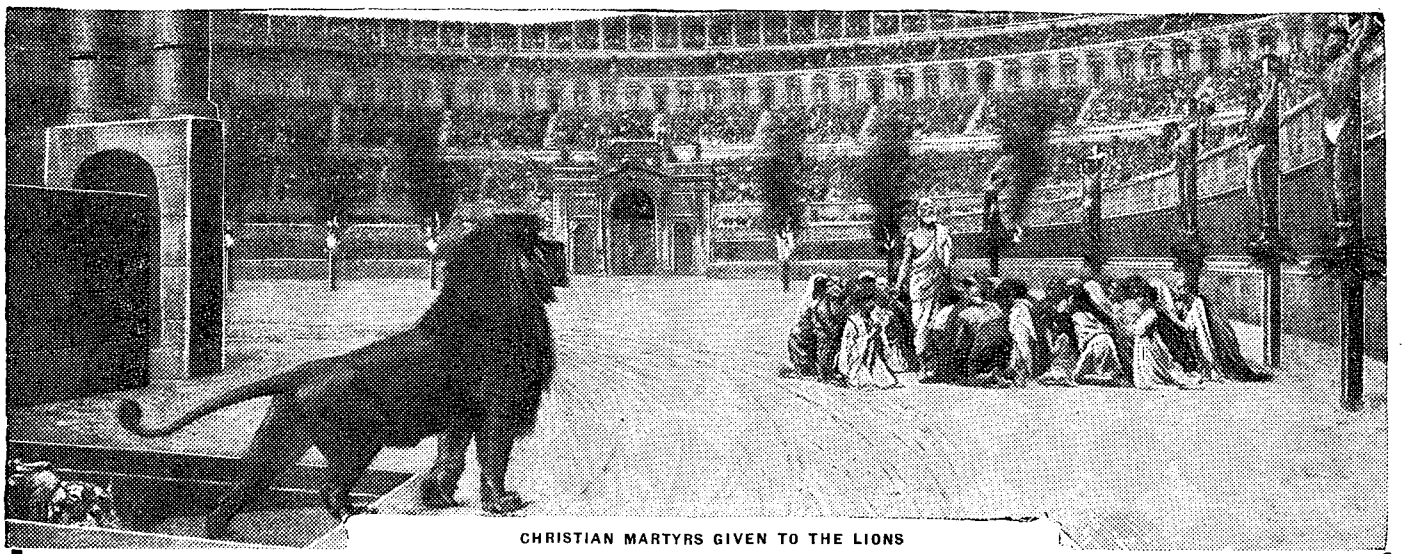

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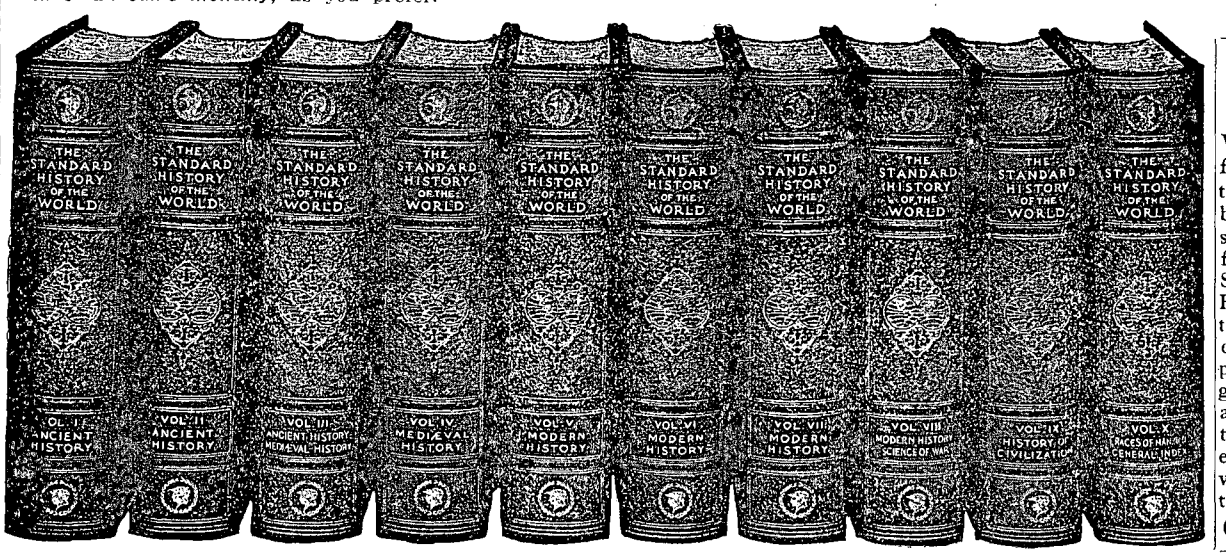
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VOL. VIII MODERN HISTORY
VOL. VIII MODERN HISTORY SCIENCE OF WAR
VOL. IX HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION
VOL. X RACES OF MANKIND GENERAL INDEX

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When Penn School graduates can thus pass on the torch, the future seems more secure. As farmers and teachers and as home builders, the years are testing them out. Education is to give power, not technical drill, and the graduates' homes are the bridges between school and people that prove the strength of the links in our educational chain.

When the National Better Homes Campaign started, St. Helena Island fell into line. It fitted into our scheme of things. A general committee of seven was formed of Penn School teachers and Islanders, with Miss House as chairman of the whole. Each member of this committee was chairman of a sub-committee, and there were many hands to swing the campaign. The boys worked under the chairman of grounds and surroundings, the girls with the committee of interior decoration and furnishings; the Island merchants, white neighbors, members of the committees, loaned all that was needed—and Jessamine Cottage, the little model home, stood as a demonstration, open every day for a week to the visitors that came from all parts of the Island. And the best part of it all was that the work was done by the second generation of a people who had traveled down the road from the "Street" where a home in its true sense was unknown.

The poster committee held meetings night and day, and all over the Island. We have no newspapers on St. Helena. But news travels swiftly to all corners by some strange underground telephone. Whatever this means of communication is, it is a help to any publicity committee!

Hundreds of posters were made, and gave the message, "Follow the arrow to Jessamine Cottage." These were posted from end to end of St. Helena. And then came red arrows—all pointed to the school, all pointed to the Demonstration House, and the last one was posted on the gate which hospitably stood open through the week in which St. Helena was competing with 961 other American communities.

Then came a letter that made all St. Helena happy, from Washington, from the Department of Commerce, from the office of the secretary, and signed by Herbert Hoover. "It gives me real pleasure to inform you that St. Helena has won the third prize, $50, for having one of the best demonstration houses in 1922 Better Homes in America Campaign—" In 1923, the Demonstration went one better and won the second prize, $200, followed by a letter from the President of the United States. And you may be sure that the Island "underground" carried the tidings from Land End to Coffin's Point and up and down the roads that weave the Island homes into a community. With the tidings went the lessons of Jessamine Cottage and later of Gantt and the impulse of their example.

The people have been traveling the road from bunks to spring beds, from the one room to the comfortable home of several rooms. The better homes are wanted. The change from windows protected only by rude shutters, to windows with glass, and to some provided with screens to keep out the insects which make life a burden during our warm weather, shows a rise in standards.

There is promise in all this. But underneath it all lie the problems in education and agricultural economy which school and community face today no less than sixty years ago.

I know I would like to read,
Like to read,
Like to read dat sweet story of old.
I would like to read.

sang the slave mothers and fathers. The first homes came with the gift of land and books that freedom gave the blacks. Can Penn School increase the love for the home in the country? Can the necessary lessons in economics go hand in hand with books? These are the questions. Will the homes of the free continue in their own hands? Will the children of this generation continue the struggle that means real freedom?

UNTAMED AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 331)

a long colorful afterglow of memory, by the contemplation of which new lives of the tomorrow are touched and influenced. There is leisure for such contemplation.

So the retrospections of a century shuttle through thoughts of today and are handed on to childhood. Occasionally they are summed up in a single individual, as in the case of "the Oldest Man in the World," old John Shell, Senior, of Big Laurel, reputed to be one-hundred and thirty-three, whom I found at his cabin still lively and humorous, the agile father of an oldest son up in ninety and a youngest (by a new wife) aged seven.

In direct touch with this long, living past, the mountain children are reared, most of the year, in the out-door, all-round work of the soil, synthetic in its development of mind and body; and during the indoor months, they are intensively tutored in that unsurpassed college of oral imagination—the winter log-fire: a college also of nobly simple good manners and gracious hospitality, where—even in a one-room, windowless cabin, crowded with four generations—the stranger is always given a whole-souled welcome, in which the gentle voices and high-bred demeanor of the children reflect the schooling of their elders.

Here, in this university of the lighted "log-heap," over the department of Humorous Fantasy, in the region of Greasy Creek, there presided till recently for almost a century the genius of a Santa-Claus-Munchausen in the person of "Old Sol" Shell (brother of the "oldest man"), whose oral annotations on the history and science of "The Pumping Sow," "The Inverted Lightning Stroke," "The Meat of a Snow-Ball," and other indigenous chronicles, have helped to graduate some scores of lesser disciples, with eyes equipped with telescopic lenses for the wonders of nature.

Here, in the departments of Music, Drama and Dance (all departments being radii of the glowing hearth-circle), the home-scholar is subconsciously educated in the lyric cadences of the traditional Lonesome Tunes, in the choral rhythms of the old, dancing Fiddle-Songs, in the deft improvisations of Present-day Ballads, celebrating the dramatic events of local history, and in the Play-Party Games related to these.

Here, too, in the seminar of the Haunting Uncanny, the flickering fire-shadows unfold to spellbound listeners the plots and psychic mysteries of such lore as might provide some reborn Poe with new masterpieces of weird tales. Some of these I heard and recorded at the cabin of an old schoolmaster, a nobly upstanding man of rugged dignity, whose school-bench "larnin'" had not adulterated the rare savor of his log-fire rearing. Some others I heard from incomparable "Aunt Marthy"—her of the ancient mountainy charm, up in seventy, the whip-tongued scourer of witches and charm-doctors—Aunt Marthy of the eternal tang!

Such tang and savor—how shall one describe them? They are ultimate desiderata, yet how shall they be defined and tabulated? What is the analysis of the taste of ripe cider—the savor of russet-pear, or of citron? The mountain tales, music, songs, the time-wrought characters—these cannot be adequately recorded or assayed in an article. The mountaineers are validly *themselves*. The charm, the rhythm and gusto of the singing personality which pervades their civilization cannot be pigeon-holed in print. It springs from untamed wild nature, which has nurtured that older civilization by intensively cultivating Natural Diversity as opposed to National Standardization. The contrast with our modernism is obvious and poignant. The issue of the contrast is imminent and of great import—to *both*.

In education and industry shall we show toward the

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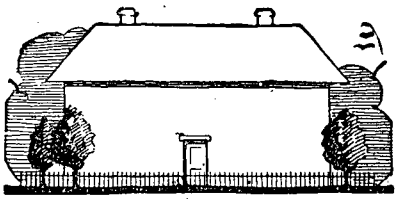

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Every Book-Lover Longs to Own a Book Shop

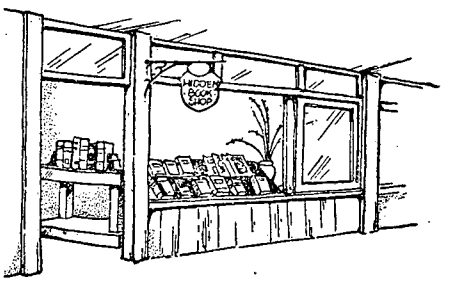
WHEN a new grocery or hardware store opens in a community the chief effect on its patrons is the strictly ultilitarian one of being glad that it is there to supply daily needs. The establishment of a book shop, however, brings to its customers a feeling of envy, for every book-lover longs to run a book shop. Together with the envy comes the joy of joint ownership—only for that first second does the true book-lover hesitate before electing himself a partner in the enterprise. It may be only a silent partnership, confined to a special pride in the place. to knowing the exact location of the books and to instantly recognizing the arrival of a new volume of poetry or travel. But more often it is a semi-active affair and the new member of the firm contributes praise or advice as his share of the capital.

That this was true of shops in residential districts I had always known, but to my joy I found it to be equally true of downtown New York. From the first customer who found me perched on a stool tacking up burlap and who advised a ladder as he picked up the scattered thumbtacks, down to the last one who suggested and then carried out my most pretentious advertising scheme, my bookselling experience has been a succession of partnerships. Many of them have not gone beyond the "I envy you your days among the books" stage, but others are more constructive. An elderly bank official will tell of early book selling experiences; a young broker will discuss his ambitions in that direction and later perhaps, as recently happened, will rush in to tell of their fulfillment. (Here I like to think that I was a partner in *his* enterprise.) The scholarly man who writes plays on the side keeps me busy getting the latest dramas, and through discussing them with him I sell more to other customers. The girl who sells bonds may have her eye on my future profits but in the meantime she advertises the shop most vociferously. So does an elderly soul whom I at first failed to appreciate when he spent hours in suggesting more Gene Stratton Porter and less "high-brow stuff." And so also does the man the pictures of whose children I admired—he brings all his friends in to patronize *his* shop.

Sometimes the partnership is even more practical. My pet customer, a young lawyer with a genuine passion for books, shamed me into importing direct from England and through his desire to invest in first editions is leading me to develop my secret ambition to branch out along that line. The young architect with whom I discussed window dressing came in with a model window, complete in miniature as to background and books. I had feared that I was imposing but after that realized that his share in the profits came in the joy of the doing. The accountant who comes in monthly has found me an outlet for my soiled books. And a friend in the country sends me flowers and Christmas greens in exchange for books from the circulating library.

Being a naturally garulous person, my talking with my partners is never done with "malice aforethought," but it has proved a definite asset. When I chatted with the representative of a magazine in which I could not afford to advertise, I may have felt guilty to have wasted time so pleasantly, but the return comes on my blue days when she is sure to stop by to praise a window display and cheer me up again. I may be short of monetary capital, but the inspirational variety furnished by my partners is what really keeps the shop alive and my resources would have been exhausted long since had I not been able to draw on the ideas of my inexhaustible partnership list.

RUMANA MCMANIS.
of The Hidden Book Shop.



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mountaineers the same imaginative obtuseness which we have shown, to our own impoverishment, toward the splendid diversities of Indian civilization? Must the untamed become basely tame, or servilely imitative? Must their ancient variations so become extinct?

If so, let us not imagine we shall escape judgment by studying them in histories and museums. For the living species of the human spirit are far more precious to the future than to the past. By the revolutionary inventions of science, our planet is rapidly reaching the ultimate assessment of all its resources, physical and spiritual, for all time. What living ingredients then are to provide the factors of its future growth?

In spirit, as in bodily life, new growth can only spring from old stock. If the genus is destroyed, its species are lost forever. Not only the great auk is extinct: so are the Inca and (almost!) the Indian, with all their precious specialties of contribution to Man. Not only the upland plover is menaced with extinction: our upland brother of the Appalachians has not even the calculating benevolence of Game Laws to guard his untamed heritage.

Untamed does not imply undisciplined: it implies—not disciplined by *another's* will *from without.* The Untamed has its own inner disciplines through the necessities of elemental nature. Its goal is the free individual. Contrasted with a tamed, materialistic society, an untamed, idealistic individualism is surely nobler: but far better and more sane is an untamed individualism which adopts, through imagination, the right means to social harmony.

What, then, is that right means in the case of the mountaineers?

Is it not the adoption of a *New* Conservation: a conservation which shall preserve the ancient Diversity of man's spirit in order to develop from that a new Diversity to supplant our levelling Standardizations?

Shall we not begin at least by recognizing, respecting and utilizing the diverse store of oral imagination which the mountaineers have to contribute to our own need and paucity?

This, of course, our standardized education by the printing press ignores. But fortunately that oral imagination, richly developed in the mountains, is not always ignored by modern educators there. Notably the Pine Mountain Settlement School has set a noble pace in the conservation and revival of native balladry, not merely on the printed page, but in the living voices and memories of its mountain-born children. There, too, the ancient folk-dances have never ceased their continuity of a thousand years but are freshly building the health and beauty of the future. And there the looms and spinning wheels are plying the hardy hand-arts of our ancestors, as a progressive back-fire for the modern mechanizations of childhood.

Such an example for enlightened mountain education may well go further in championing the beautiful, unshackled speech of those highlands, till happily that gospel of home-rule shall so spread that every mountainy school-child, wherever he may be called to speak in the outer world, shall proudly boast the pronoun "hit" as his ancient birthright. For that "hit" is the little symbol of his uncontaminate heritage in a great folk culture, which hopefully may yet restore by its revival the sapping strength of the American Pioneer.

In this article I have purposely stressed these elements of salvation for the mountaineers (as also for ourselves!)—poetry, speech, thought, arts, crafts, imagination, unmechanized and untamed to servile imitations—because these

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elements are really the goal which even the mechanized still grope toward in their hearts and commend in their lip-service—else why not at once throw Shakespeare and the Declaration of Independence into the discard? I have stressed them also because they are not seldom ignored by those, equally in earnest, who see more vividly the impediments to their proper realization: the impediments, namely, of poverty, disease, unemployment, and numerous aspects of ignorance.

To the devout ministrations of those who are working to ameliorate those evils in the mountains I pay my sincerest homage for their unselfishness. No admiration can be too high in that respect.

Yet, in order that those very ministrations may not—in succoring the mountaineers—destroy their distinctive identity, I would suggest that there is crying need for a plan, embracing large constructive policies, to cope adequately with the destiny of some millions of souls.

The first of these policies would appear to be Reciprocity.

The mountaineers are our fellow Americans. As we can offer them a new civilization, so they can offer us an ancient one, to match it.

As we can offer them competitive employment in the increase of human needs and luxuries, so they can offer us leisure unstriven for in the simplification of desires.

As we can offer them an anti-toxin for typhoid and the pox, so they—for worse plagues—can offer us an anti-toxin for servility and the mob.

As we can offer them literacy, with its hurly-burly of chaotic journalism, so they can offer us illiteracy, with its serenities of unintermittent thought.

As we can offer them the new arc-light of subjugated Nature, so they can offer us her ancient arc of stars and her untamed storms.

Here, then, are reciprocal civilizations.

Shall we enrich our own by destroying the other, or by conserving it?

Why shall we seek to "standardize" the distinctive good of either?

Why shall we not foster a *creative conservation* of both?

Why shall we not share, as united Americans, and build together for the future—each of his best?

NAVAJOS

(*Continued from page* 339)

having been sold at all; yet bonuses of $87,600 were obtained in addition to royalties ranging from 12½ to 25 per cent. The date of leasing was of course unfavorable. After a study as careful as a layman can make, I am convinced that the oil question has been handled with business-like honesty and in the best interests of the Navajos. A tribal council was instituted by fiat of the Indian Bureau, primarily to authenticate the leases. Through tactful handling Commissioner Hagerman was able to bring about a good choice of delegates, and in July the Council conferred on the Interior Department what amounts to a power of attorney for oil leasing. The Department has justified the Navajo's confidence.

Disposal of royalties is a crucial subject. In Oklahoma a few thousand Osage and Creek Indians have probably been injured through large and sudden cash annuities from oil. The 36,000 Navajos would not be hurt by receiving a few dollars a year in cash, but this article will have made plain what the imperious needs of the tribe are. Hundreds of thousands of dollars might be spent through the administrative system which has prevailed until now, and no decisive result would be gained. But an equal sum applied through

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NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Grace Abbott, president, Washington, D. C.; W. H. Parker, secretary, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-first annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Toronto, Canada, June 25th to July 2nd, 1924. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, managing director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, secretary; 130 East 22nd St., New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, personal service for local organizations and legislation, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

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NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING—Member, National Health Council—Anne A. Stevens, R.N., director, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. For development and standardization of public health nursing. Maintains library and educational service. Official Magazine, "Public Health Nurse."

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NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Anna A. Gordon, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the departments of Child Welfare, Women in Industry, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Americanization and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication "The Union Signal" published at Headquarters.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Mrs. Maud Swartz, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

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a modernized administration, and applied to health services and to a wholly new kind of Indian schools, might be decisive for the whole future of the Navajos.

Let us visualize that new Navajo program. I summarize the ideas of Mrs. John Wetherill, to whose home, 157 miles from the railroad in the Navajo reservation, many famous people have gone. The ancient world and the American present meet in her personality as perhaps in no other personality alive. She has always been among Indians and for twenty-three years has lived among the Navajos. Going immemorial ways in her scholarship, she is a trader's wife and a never-resting social worker among a people who have taken her completely to themselves. Here is the program:

1. Treat the Navajos as a special case and free their administration from the dead-level and routine of the Indian service. Shake off the dead hand and aim for results.

2. Centralize in one person, locally resident, the responsibility for policies and methods affecting the whole reservation and tribe.

3. Decentralize the field work. Build all the field services around local community centers, placed about the reservation so that Navajos wherever they wander will be within ten or twenty miles of one of them. Locate there the medical work, the stock and farm education, the craft centers. Make each of these local headquarters into an experimental undertaking, trying out how to combine child education with adult education, book education with agriculture, trade with arts and crafts, and everything with health. Boarding schools will still be necessary, but they will be small institutions, the basis in fact of the community centers, and the Navajo children will live in outdoor structures in the nature of "model" *hogans*. Save Uncle Sam's money; leave out the steam-driven washing machines and central heating and ventilating and heating plants, for what is a Navajo in his after-life to do with central heating plants, electric irons and steam-driven laundry machines?

Here this article must close. I have not answered that question: Can the Navajo cultural values breast the tide of change ahead, as they have survived many past changes? I have hardly even hinted what those cultural values are. The reader must go to the source material, of which the following may be mentioned: Cocmos Mindeleff, in the 17th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology; the writings of Washington Matthews; and Father Berard's great work, the Navajo Ethnologic Dictionary. I will only say: That with the Navajos life truly is an art; that they believe in a universe vital, personal and godlike; that their moral code, which is lived by, embraces our Decalog and adds compassion and charity as the crown of all. They believe that a man's thought influences the cosmos; and that a venomous thought, or a hate or a fear, draws evil out of the hidden world, acting somehow like a magnet toward evil, and causes sickness and all ruin. Their discipline primarily is a search for joyous thought—for beauty and love; for these draw good from the hidden world, and are efficacious to produce good in the universe beyond man. These are not conventions from which the soul has gone away, in the Navajo's life. They are realities, as native and central as the breathing of his own body. We have lost these realities; perhaps our race never knew them. Yet we are constituted to know them. Is it our duty to impoverish the human spirit? Must we enact toward the Navajos that which Hudson narrates in Green Mansions; when the savages surrounded the giant tree to whose highest branches Rima had climbed, and built a huge fire under the tree, and Rima plunged "like a killed white bird" into the furnace?

The new Navajo program will surely be born if only Commissioner Hagerman's devotion can be backed by an informed public opinion.

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COMPETENT woman, Jewish preferred, for health and diet work with malnourished children in residence. Resident position with responsibility for cottage management. Apply Superintendent, Jewish Children's Society, Levindale, Station E, Baltimore, Md.

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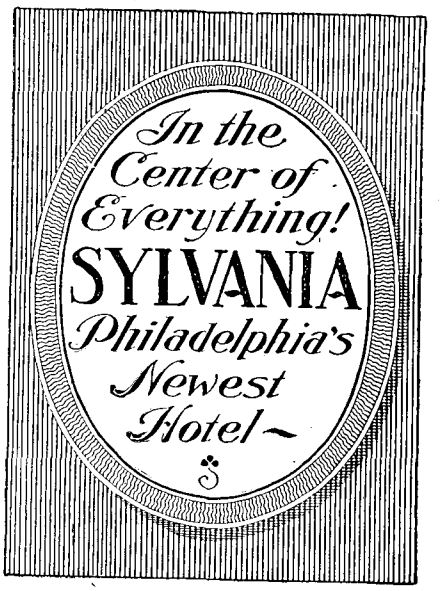

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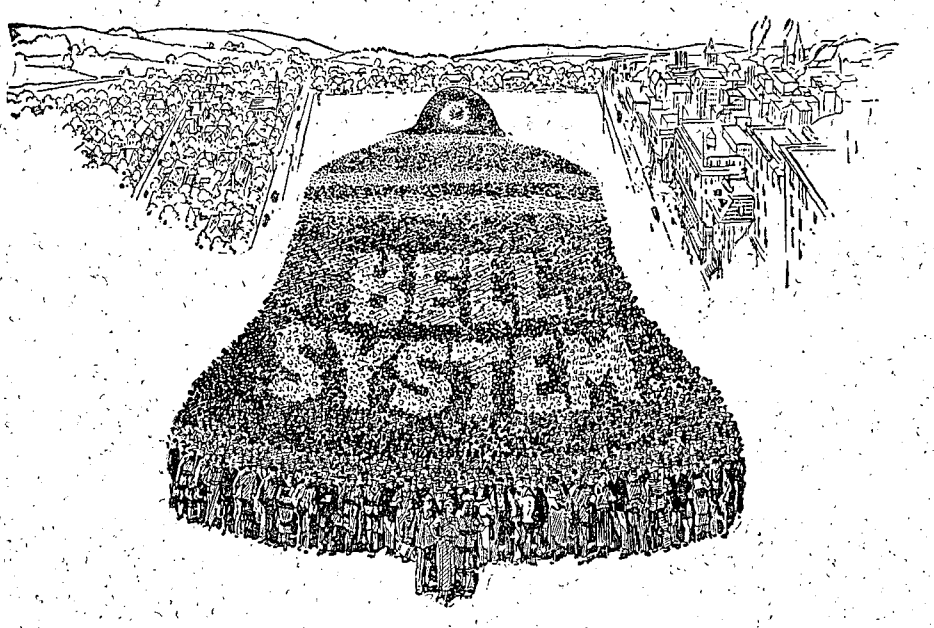

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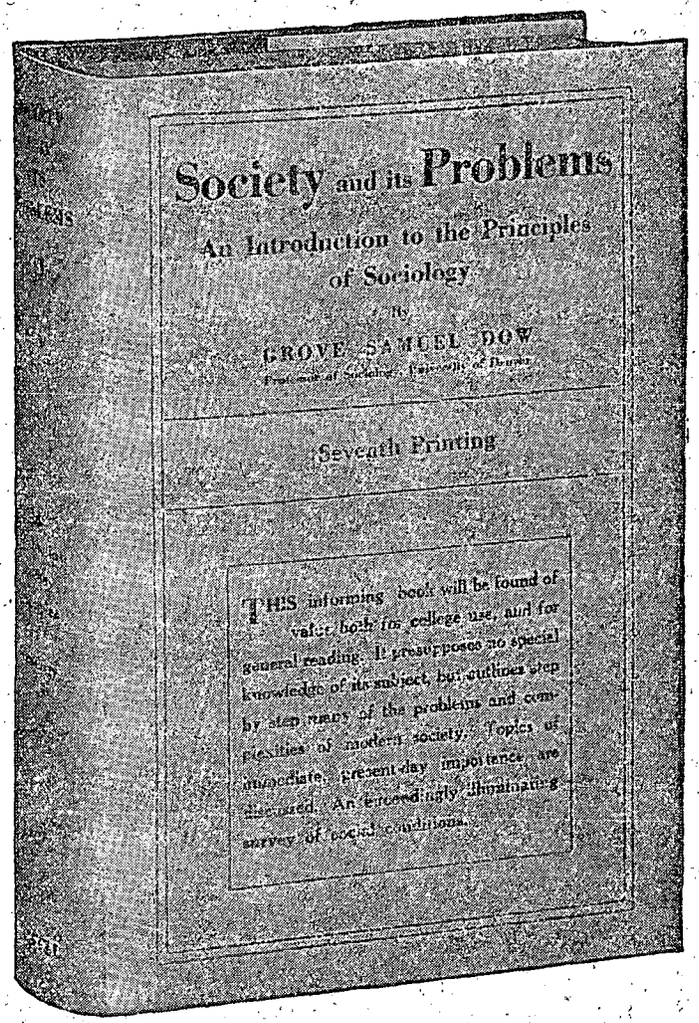
Professor of Sociology in the University of Denver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